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CANADIAN POETRY.

A Criticism.

A GLANCE at the shelves of any collector's library shows that the number of persons in Canada who publish verses is very large. A further glance at the uneven row of thin volumes shows that the poetic impulse does not last. Many a writer who has in his few timid pages given promise of good work is heard of no more. There are, doubtless, many causes for this lack of sustained enthusiasm. It may be that, taken up with a great material development, we have no appreciation of the fine arts, or that we lack historic associations, or that our culture is still provincial. Open, however, volume after volume of these abandoned ambitions, and one will be convinced that these writers are servile imitators; there is no sense of unconscious effort, no evidence of a free hand. A closer study of later publications discloses the fact that poetic inspiration runs fairly in the narrow channels made by a small coterie of writers, the chief among whom are Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts. These poets, having won the ear of a generous and patriotic, though uncritical press, have been raised to an imposing authority, which restrains all originality and all determined devotion to poetry as a fine art.

It is, therefore, important that these writers should be critically examined. If they be found to be not true poets,

but blind leaders of the blind, they should be deposed, and the hope of a distinctively Canadian literature may be made one step nearer its realization than it now seems to be.

How, then, shall we know if Canadian verse deserves the name of poetry, or even estimate its merit? Every reader, of course, settles for himself the worth of a volume of poems when he throws it aside as uninteresting or unproductive of pleasure. If he be a reader of no refinement, his uncritical judgment may be of no value. If, however, most readers do not cast a volume aside, but peruse it with pleasure, it is strong evidence that the poet has produced good poetry. Whatever the purpose of the poet may be, we may assume the purpose of poetry to be the production of pleasure, and it would seem to be proper in order that we may criticise poetry, to enquire what subjects give pleasure when dealt with in poetry—whether some subjects are in their nature productive of more pleasure than others, and then to enquire whether the poet has used the most effective means to the end which he has in view.

The subjects with which poetry may deal are human action, ideas of universal human interest and scenery, using scenery broadly to include objects animate and inanimate, as well as outdoor effects. Of these, human action is by

far the most important, though ideas, if they be sane ideas of the great problems of human life, readily lend themselves to the art of poetry. Scenery, on the other hand, is the most barren topic of poetry. Aside from human associations, the pleasures of scenery are forced and affected. At most, it does not do more than excite feelings of sublimity and repose. Its other effects are, doubtless, merely physical. But, as the representation of action in poetry is limited only by æsthetic taste, the poet of action may range the whole field of human experience and find matter to appeal to every human emotion. If, therefore, poetry be weak in action or ideas, and strong in scenery, it will make but a limited appeal to human interest and play upon a narrow range of feeling. It may be safely said that no poetry of lasting merit is possible which does not base its claim to our attention on action or reflection concerning action.

The relative importance of the subject matter of poetry may be made still clearer: Why do we skip Scott's prolix descriptions when reading his prose or poetry? The answer is plain. We are more interested in action and ideas of human interest than in scenery. Our interest in action never flags. Consciously or unconsciously, the reader sees always in the action represented a reflection of his own, and there is thus provided a constant motive of interest on which the artist may rely. Detailed description is an effort to represent not the universal idea in the poet's mind, but some particular vision of his imagination. Hence the effect produced on the reader, if he should make an effort to reconstruct the poet's vision, will be void of human association and fail in artistic effect. Moreover, interest in action is more intense than interest in scenery, because of the element of suspense in action; and the pleasures of represented action are, therefore, more vivid. Action takes place in time: one action suggests another, arouses curi-

osity to know what it will be. The interest which holds breathless the spectators of a horse race, though not so laudable in its object, owes its intensity and its vulgar pleasures to the same conditions as those which keep an audience eager to know whether Juliet will rise in living beauty from the tomb. On the other hand, succession in time does not enter into the contemplation of scenes and objects. A single vision is a complete presentation to the mind, and its artistic effect lies in the whole effect of a moment. Such an effect even Scott was unable to produce.

But language is not adequate to the detail description of scenery; aside altogether from its limited interest, and its meagre power to appeal to human feeling, it cannot be represented in detail by the poet as vividly as action. The presentation of objects to the mind is the proper work of the painter or sculptor. The painter presents his subject in detail, and it produces its whole effect at one flash of vision. The poet, attempting detailed description and not merely suggestion, produces on the mind of the reader only a confused and distracted effect. The mind of the reader attempts to grasp the first detail by calling up from memory the image most like that suggested by the poet's words. This is an effort of some difficulty, and will produce some sense of pain, destructive of the pleasure which it is the purpose of art to awaken. Having got one detail of the picture, he seeks to recall another and another, until the whole has been attempted. But, at each succeeding attempt, he must drop the images which have preceded, and at the end he will have a confused impression of details and not the vivid representation of a whole.

While scenery is in itself relatively indifferent as subject matter, and the elaboration of it in detail impossible in poetry, it may yet be made to play a most important part. The pure-

ly artistic purpose of poetry is to excite pleasant feeling; its method is not to imitate nature but the idea existing in the mind, to call up images—not the particular image of the poet's mind, but general images in the mind of the reader, such as that of a brook, a waterfall, or the face of a beautiful woman. This the poet does by suggestion, by naming the most striking element of the image desired, by the addition of apt metaphor, striking epithet, or by any one of a hundred well-known means. Such description, as it can scarcely stand alone, must attend on a theme of human interest, whether of action or reflection.

Little need be said of the means of the art of poetry. The main theme must be human life. Poetical form, as well as the choice of words and the use of figures, may be left to each writer's judgment. The unerring test will always be the effect produced upon readers of refined feeling.

Tried by these tests, Canadian poetry of the day fails. Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts can hardly be said by the most generous to have written anything of lasting merit. The reader who can twice strain his imagination to the contemplation of their painfully wrought miniatures would indeed be a curiosity. They are not without virtues, and it may be fairly said that they are all men of great talent. They have mastered the mechanics of versification. They have music and a flowing rhythm. They have great elevation of diction, and their patriotic zeal well befits the honourable enterprise in which they are engaged. Action they scarcely attempt, unless it be action to strut before impossible landscapes. Their works are singularly barren of ideas of universal human interest, although there is a constant recurrence to Wordsworth's idea of kind mother earth.

"Songs of the Common Day" is the title of Mr Roberts' latest work, published in 1893. It contains about

forty sonnets and a similar number of what he terms poems, and closes with "Ave; An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth." A few titles of these verses show fairly the method and content of Mr Roberts' work. The Furrow, The Sower, The Cow Pasture, Frogs, The Cicada in the Firs, The Night Sky, Rain, Mist, Moonlight, and The Night Hawk, do not suggest either ideas or action. One or two feeble attempts at dramatic interest are made in "The Tide on Tantramar," and "A Christmas Eve Courtin'," the latter in dialect, and after the style of Carleton. But the whole is overwhelmed by description, not the suggestion of general images nor literary impressionism but description so minute that a painter, without reflection, might well repeat any scene upon his canvas in every detail of form colour. "The Sower" may be given in full as a fair sample of his work.

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote skyline,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And there the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and, though small
joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the
blind,
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employment;
God-like, he makes provision for mankind.

As description, this is well done. The language is direct, the metaphors natural. The climax of reflection is, however, extremely tame. While one or two expressions are effective to represent the object which the poet had in mind, there is little to appeal to the reader's emotion. Mr. Roberts inverts the relation of poet and reader. The poet should awaken general images in the reader's mind, not force upon him the poet's own particular images. The particular scene here portrayed, may

have for the author the tenderest associations; for the reader there will be suggestion only in individual phrases—in the universal elements of the scene attempted.

"The Summer Pool" may be compared with Tennyson's lines in "The Miller's Daughter":

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still.

"Ave; An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth," is an ambitious poem of some length. It opens with a long and painful description, in the poet's best style, of Tantramar, a locality, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Fundy, where Mr. Roberts seems to have spent his youth. The marshes of Tantramar are like Shelley's "compassionate breast," wherein dwelt "dreams of love and peace, and the ebb and flow of tides from the salt sea of human pain hissed along the perilous coasts of life and beat upon his brain." Thence he pursues the storm-strained Shelley through many stanzas of turgid declamation, replete with the same unnatural metaphor. But the poem lacks interest. It does not strike home. There is not a phrase which the reader carries away to ponder, as the Scotchman ponders his humour. The poem attempts Shelley's style, and fails because Shelley's style died with him.

Mr. Roberts also draws inspiration from Wordsworth. How well he has caught Wordsworth's tone may be judged by reading together "Tantramar Revisited," and Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey." In the latter the scenery is general, and always subordinated to the affecting moral theme which prevails in every line. "Tantramar" opens and closes with reflections of no mean interest, but the intermediate lines run on at great length in an utterly ineffective twaddle of description. He would have learned

the true scope of art had he pondered these lines of Wordsworth:

For I have learn'd
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.

The music of colour and scene, or of empty, jingling words, may please some ears, but the music of humanity is the only music which the world will hear from poets.

What has been said of Roberts is also true, in the main, of Lampman. He writes of April, An October Sunset, The Frogs, Heat, Winter, and the like. Though his descriptions are fatal to his merit as a poet, he does not indulge in so much detail as Roberts. He has a habit of broadly suggesting scenes which is very effective, and of going on to treat them in a way that is very tiresome. He does not know when to stop. One of his most interesting poems is entitled "Freedom." The first three stanzas bring us from the unnatural and un-beautiful life of the city into the joy and peace of the country:

Into the arms of our mother we come,
Our broad, strong mother, the innocent earth,
Mother of all things beautiful, blameless,
Mother of hopes that her strength makes
 blameless,
Where the voices of grief and of battle are
 dumb,
And the whole world laughs with the light of
 her mirth.

Here he might have stopped, and he would have produced a poem of much beauty, but yielding to the vicious habit of description, he goes on for seven or eight stanzas to describe the scenery of the country in detail after the moral proposition, the human interest, has been announced. Though his description is detailed, his scenes are larger than those of Roberts, and he is, therefore, enabled to put more suggestion in each line. His diction is more simple, and his metaphors are

natural. Though the range of his ideas is not very wide, there is an earnest tone in his poetry which, in itself, wins our sympathy, and makes us hope that he will do more than any of the writers mentioned. But this everlasting plague of description among our Canadian poets, how tiresome and oppressive it becomes! From bombast to doggerel, it runs through everything. Open any volume, at any page, and the golden haze, the rock-ribbed coast, the sighing south wind, the grey monotony start upon us. Human associations which alone can make description an avenue to the heart are forgotten in the affected joys of colour and landscape.

"Low Tide on Grand Pré, a Book of Lyrics" is the title of a volume published by Mr. Bliss Carman. The poems in this volume, he tells the reader, have been collected with reference to their similarity of tone. They are variations of a single theme. They are in the same key. The words, tone, theme, and key are terms of the language of music, and their use implies a similarity between the range of the human feelings and the musical scale. The tone of his poems is weird. The feelings excited are subdued feelings of gloom and foreboding. Although they respond readily, they are of a very limited range and afford a very slight foundation for a great reputation. It is possible, of course, to produce a masterpiece in a minor key. An ambitious composer one would expect to play upon a wider range of feeling. There is nothing definite about Mr. Carman's verse. His themes are vague. His narrative must be largely supplied by the reader, and with painful effort. His scenes are quite unlike those of Roberts and Lampman. They are personified outlines, stalking shadows, which suggest vague and threatening presences. It is perhaps safe to say that the chief artistic effect of his writing lies in the ghostly suggestions of dark corners. Although he is a descriptionist, he is often more effec-

tive than Roberts or Lampman. As for example:

Outside a yellow maple tree,
Shifting upon the silvery blue
With small, innumerable sounds,
Rustles to let the sunlight through.

Throughout his verse, it must be said in his favour, there is a voice of human interest, vague and limited though it be.

And all the world is but a scheme
Of busy children in the street,
A play they follow and forget,
On summer evenings, pale with heat.

"Behind the Arras" is a later publication, which shows his style to have become more defined. There is the same weird and grotesque vagueness, the same slipping of persons into shadows, the same incongruous conjunction of the limits of time and space. Such a fantastic style is not to be imitated. It cannot possibly be made the means of a great utterance. The human voice of Shakespeare, or Milton, or even Tennyson, could hardly struggle through it. And yet most readers will turn from Roberts and the others to Carman for relief. He is a greater artist; he writes to affect our imaginations, not to teach them the images of his own. He deals with life, vague and fantastic though it be.

"The Dread Voyage" is one of the latest publications of William Wilfred Campbell. If description be the crowning effort of poetry, he is entitled to take his place beside Ariosto and Bombastes. A new order of beings must be created to appreciate him, for, surely, there is not in all the stores of imagination the material of his fancy. He is always at full steam; everything is in the superlative degree or at the point of climax. His chief endowments are of the eye and ear. The most striking characteristic of his work is the want of refinement of taste, the inability to discern fine shades of feeling or to know when he pleases or offends. In his description he continually mars his effects by using words and comparisons which

necessarily drag in with them inharmonious elements. Often his metaphors are the merest jingle of unmeaning words. This stanza from a poem entitled "Winter" may be cited as an example of his descriptive powers:

Wide is the arch of night, blue spangled with
fire,
From wizened edge to edge of the shrivelled-
up earth,
Where the chords of the dark are as tense as the
strings of a lyre
Strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had
birth,
With far-off, alien echoes of morning and
mirth,
That reach the tuned ear of the spirit, beaten
upon
By the soundless tides of the wonder and glory
of dawn.

What image of a star-lit night is left behind by this jumble of high-sounding words! The imagination comes to a full stop at these impossible comparisons, express and implied. What is meant by the chords of the night being tense? Can any one picture the strings of a lyre strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth? What image is awakened? It is, perhaps, hypercritical to object that the poet has made alien echoes in the distance attributes of the dark, like its tenseness. The epithet shrivelled may, possibly, be passed over, because it may express the idea which the poet had in his mind, whatever that may be. The meaning given to the word wizened by dictionaries is thin and dried. No careful writer, much less a poet of refined taste, would have forgotten its particular application, and dared to introduce into the imposing picture which he had in hand the wizened face of an old woman. When fancy takes such flights as these it soars beyond the possibility of artistic effect.

Most readers will prefer such poems as "Unabsolved," because they deal with life and possess some strength of dramatic interest. Yet the pleasure will be greatly marred by their high-soundingness, and by the lack of deli-

cacy in the expression of sentiments in themselves original and interesting. In these days of liberal thought, a poet even may go a long way in satirizing the clergy without giving offense. But the reader of poetry is disposed to be very manly, and will find his pleasure destroyed by the iteration of an unfriendly sentiment, where it is spoken gratuitously and not addressed to an offensive individual suffering poetic justice.

The same unrefined taste shows itself in his poem entitled "The Mother," which has won the unstinted applause of a Chicago newspaper. It is a poem dealing with a subject of the most intense human interest—a mother's love for her first-born. It is too long for reproduction in full. These are the opening stanzas:

It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me when the birds did sing;

Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

She narrates further that, lying "stark and white," she knew the changes of seasons, the alternation of day and night, the whispering wind and the blossoming flowers:

Though they had buried me dark and low,
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

There is, then, a retrogression in time:

I was a bride in my sickness sore;
I was a bride nine months and more,

when death came. "But under the sod," she dreamed of her baby; his rest was broken in wailings on her "dead breast." She could not sleep in her "cold earth bed," and rose from

her "damp earth bed," "rosy and warm," with the dreams of her child.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud !

Then stole past the "graveyard wall,"
passed the streets to "my husband's
home," climbed the chamber stairs
amid the sound of sleeping persons,

Like waves that break on the shores of death,

paused a moment at the door,

Then stole like a moon ray over the floor,

and, behold, her infant lay on "a
stranger arm." Crooning to the child,
she carries him back to her bed,
"banked with a blossoming girth,"
and "nestling him soft to her throbbing
breast," "steals to her long, long
rest," and lies with him

Under the flowers

That sun winds rock through the billowy hours

With the night-airs that steal from the mur-
muring sea,

Bringing sweet peace o my baby and me.

This wanton repetition of coarse suggestions of the charnel-house is not compensated by the mawkish sentiment of the poem, or by the questionable beauty of its scenery. Poetry cannot tolerate the disagreeable, except in rare instances. Tennyson, reflecting on the short span of human life, produces a rare effect of art when he says:

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones

That name the underlying dead,

Thy fibres net the dreamless head,

Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

But he does not stay to dig up the grave and spread before us its shocking contents; he does not permit us to linger until our minds seize the painful suggestions of the place. There is scarcely a line of "The Mother" in which the horror is not renewed. It must be a sluggish imagination which, in the time of these eighty or ninety lines, does not grow to a full realization of this dreadful scene. It is no answer to say that the poem is to be taken in a spiritual sense, for that is

impossible, and it cannot have been the writer's intention, else why the repetition of material suggestions which force the mind into activity? If it was sought to intensify the impression of a mother's love by naming the physical conditions which attend it, it is just to say that, aside from the suggestions of the grave, the poem would still have been offensive. The physical conditions of maternity are regarded with so great reserve and delicacy that only the most veiled allusions may be made to them. Nor is it an answer to say that the disagreeableness of the poem is harmonized by such poetic expressions as, "you cannot bury a red sunbeam," or, "you cannot bury a mother in spring." Rather, the pain of the reader is increased by the violent contrast of feeling, by the effort to hold together images so opposite in their suggestions as those presented by this poem.

If the foregoing remarks be just, and they are tendered in a spirit of perfect fairness, Canadian poetry is devoid of life and interest. It is scarcely likely that these faults are altogether due to false principles of art. Want of moral enthusiasm, of the inspiring energy of new ideas and large hopes of human progress, leaves men of talent no other course than to seek a false brilliancy in the trickery of exaggerated description and strained sentiment. Scott and Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth were full of the new wine of the French Revolution, and spoke as their hearts burned. Tennyson reflected the minds of men who had seen the hopes of their father's fail. Education has been slow to lift up the masses; Cobden did not foresee the squalor of industrialism; the ballot-box has not brought perfect freedom, nor lifted the burden of militarism. It may be that in these later days human enthusiasm has flickered out. If so, we cannot expect great poets till there be a rekindling of new ideas and new hopes of humanity.

Canadians are so eager for a na-

tional literature that it is a somewhat delicate task to frankly criticise Canadian poetry. With the desire for a distinctively Canadian literature everyone must sympathize. It is possible, of course, that a national literature may rise without the corrective, or even chilling, influence of criticism. The structure may, nevertheless, be long delayed by the misdirected efforts of truly able writers. In poetry, as in all other arts, there is a wide latitude of individual freedom. But the poetry of the past, which has found a lasting place in public favour, is wide

and varied enough to justify the conclusion that the principal rules gathered from a study of it are universal, and cannot be disobeyed even by Canadian poets. It is not enough that they find a ready market for their writings to fill up the vacant page-spaces of magazines, or even that their art is the affectation or fad of a literary coterie. If they would succeed they must reach the feelings and imaginations of their readers, as the great writers of the past have done. ■

Gordon Waldron.



THE FOUNDERS.

EVERY true man is a founder of the future of his State ;
 As a stone in a cathedral he uplifts and makes it great.
 Every man who with his life-blood in its need has stained the field,
 Every man who for its service all he hath and is would yield,
 Every man who worketh truly that its laws be fair and right,
 Every foeman of its error, every messenger of light,
 Every servant of its sick, and of the children of its poor,
 Every labourer on its streets, if he doth labour to endure,
 Every one who will not brook in it the evil or the base
 But whose soul like a pure fountain clears the river of his race,
 And who sayeth ever to it : " Thou art part of human kind,
 Be thou just with all the nations ; large in nation—heart and mind,
 Seek from none the base advantage, be no boaster o'er the rest,
 But be that that with its strength, among the peoples serveth best," —
 Every such one is a founder of the future of his State ;
 As a stone in a fair minster, by his truth it cometh great.
 Yea, though all the rest were rotten, and its form come tottering down,
 God shall build again and of him carve the new cathedral's crown.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

A CIVIL WAR.

With Four Illustrations by Brigden.

"MAJOR MACKENZIE, will you take down Miss Broadhurst?"

The Major bowed, and Miss Broadhurst inclined her head with the prettiest smile in the world.

"I wondered," said she, "if I was to be inflicted upon you, or upon that strange-looking gentleman with the glasses."

"It's no infliction, I'm sure. I was just hoping that——"

"Now don't perjure yourself, Major Mackenzie," said the girl.

They were standing at the bay window of a sitting-room in the "Dorset," a little private hotel, where at present Mr. Graham (of James Graham & Bennet, importers, of the city) was entertaining a small house-party in the hot August days. It overlooks one of those quiet little bays, with St. George's Channel on the horizon; and Major Mackenzie always declared that he liked the

"Dorset" the best of any place on earth. It is a question if he would have said so, had Ethel Broadhurst not been there; but the Major was a backward wooer and, so far, Ethel knew nothing of the ocean of affection that the Major held shut up in his turbulent heart.

"Who is that lady who has just come in? Do you know her?"

The Major looked to the door, and groaned inwardly.

"Yes, I know her. It's Mrs. Holler—and that's Mr. Holler coming in now," said he.

"She looks as if she might be clever, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she might be!" said the Major, dejectedly. "I don't know her as well as my friend Brock does. She used to patronize him, and Brock had to put up with it, for Holler's firm (he's a lawyer) had a good deal to do with Brock, and he wanted to stand in well. But one day she asked Billy to take Mrs. Tabley for a drive (Mrs. Tabley takes fits, or something like that), and Billy said he wasn't going to be footman to an epileptic infirm; and then there was a battle. To tell the truth, Mrs. Holler thinks I am her legitimate prey, because I am chummy with Brock."

"That's rather hard on you, isn't it?"

"Yes. But you'll meet her to-night, and it's very wrong of me to prejudice you against her. Perhaps you and she will turn out the best of friends."

"Perhaps," said Miss Broadhurst, doubtfully.



"The Major looked to the door, and groaned inwardly."

A long silence ensued, the Major looking out on the water, where the horizon was a mass of blue and grey-gold.

"A penny for your thoughts, Major Mackenzie!"

"I was thinking of a question you once asked me when I used to know you. You were about five years old, and I—well, I was correspondingly older—just after I got my commission—and you asked, before about a dozen people, 'Mr. 'Kenzie, what makes your nose red?'"

"Oh, I never said such a thing, surely!" cried Miss Broadhurst.

"I can feel my blushes yet. But, to do me justice, I think it was only sunburn."

"Will you let me atone now for the follies of my childhood?"

"Oh, Miss Ethel, I wouldn't be so exacting. But there's the bell!"

The "Dorset" prided itself upon its style; and Mr. Graham presided at the head and Mrs. Graham at the foot of a table, which was just like their own mahogany, there being no strangers.

Mrs. Holler's mood was a very perverse one, and Mackenzie kept a discreet silence lest she should fix upon him, and compel him to widen the breach that already existed between them.

During a spirited conversation at the other end of the table, which rendered it difficult for any one not concerned to hear, Mrs. Holler leaned over and said,

"Did you see your friend Mr. Barker, when you were at Malta, Major Mackenzie?"

"Yes, Mrs. Holler."

"Does he drink as much as ever?"

"I never observed that he drank," said the Major, mildly.

"Your powers of observation cannot be acute," retorted Mrs. Holler, with a good deal of acerbity.

"I never noticed any particular lack in myself."

"People rarely do!" was her re-

joinder; after which silence fell on the group.

As they left the dining-room, Ethel Broadhurst looked at the Major, with a mischievous smile: "You and aunt don't get on, do you?"

"Aunt!" quoth the amazed Major.

"Yes, didn't you know that? Think of all the things you said of my aunt, and to me, too!"

The Major reddened.

"Well, I didn't tell any lies!" he added, deliberately. "You should have told—"

"Oh, don't mention it! Aunt Holler's first husband was my father's brother. He died." Mackenzie laughed; for her words implied cause and effect. "But don't worry, Major. Wait till she rows me some day, and then listen to what I shall say about her. I am a regular vixen!"

"Nobody would judge so to look at you."

"But I am!" I shall lead some poor man a dog's life,—maybe," she added, after a pause.

"Mayn't I be the dog?" said the Major, with a sudden change of tone, which caused Ethel to look up.

"I'm—not—sure that you want—that you'd like to be chained up, would you?" she said, with a queer little smile. "But you're not serious?" she added quickly.

But a woman would not have needed to look twice at his eyes to know that he was serious; and Ethel Broadhurst was a woman.

By the strange perversity of man and womankind, no word further was spoken for three days, and nothing had transpired between Mrs. Holler and the Major, save a few skirmishes, in which the Major used defensive tactics. On Saturday the schooner-races had been held, and competition had been keen. Mr. Holler had not been fortunate in his selection of the winner, and, consequently, Mrs. Holler was not in the best of sunny humours; she was a true barometer of her devoted husband's moods.

The conversation turned on the coming meet of the Surrey hounds: "West has got four new hunters, I believe. He goes in a great deal for hunting since his son died," said Graham. "Young West was with you, wasn't he, Mackenzie? Was it in Afghanistan?"

"Yes; he was attached to our regiment for nearly six weeks before he was killed. We all liked him thoroughly."

"But I heard," put in Burrows, (who was a protégé of Mrs. Holler's, and who had entered the line a few weeks before) "—I heard that he was rather a disgrace—"

"He is dead! Mr. Burrows," said the Major, quietly.

"Yes," added Mrs. Holler, "and I daresay the army lost little by —"

"More than could be said of the Jews and money-lenders," added Holler, with a smile at his own acuteness.

Mackenzie did not know what to say; he knew that West had had debts, for he himself had had to do with the paying of them; and he also knew that every man in the regiment had thoroughly respected the young fellow who had died, like a man, with them, in Afghanistan. He looked pleadingly at Graham, but Graham was looking intently at his plate, in extreme discomfort.

Mrs. Holler went on, relentlessly:

"He could not have been a nice companion, I should think, if all the stories —"

"I always thought well of him," broke in Mackenzie.

"Oh, Major Mackenzie! I think you army men condone faults that others could not!" Mackenzie disregarded the thrust.



"I beg your pardon, indeed I do, Mrs. Graham!"

Graham made an effort to turn the conversation; but Burrows had not yet had his say.

"I have heard it hinted," said he, "that West was killed in some brawl or other, and not on the field at all."

"No, I think not, Mr. Burrows," chirped Holler; "he was shot in the back—funking, I believe!"

"That's a damned lie!"

Poor Mackenzie had stood it as long as he could. Half rising from his chair, he looked appealingly towards Mrs. Graham: "I beg—I beg your pardon, indeed I do, Mrs. Graham! I forgot—I—," and the poor old fellow blushed like any girl. As for the rest of the table, there was a momentary hush, and then everybody began to talk his loudest, as if to overcome the bad effects of any such lapse of propriety. There is no book upon etiquette which says what shall be done when some one swears at the table. Mrs. Holler looked inexpressibly shocked; but her heart was jubilant.

ant—for she had never before “scored” on the Major, and she owed him a heavy grudge; for, among other things, Mackenzie had discovered the fact that the Poppenham firm had put hide-scrappings into their tinned-beef, and the Government had cancelled the contract! And was not Mrs. Holler born a Poppenham of the Poppenhams?

As soon as possible Mrs. Graham rose from the table, and, without a word, Mackenzie gave his arm to Miss Broadhurst, and they went out to the drawing-room. In a moment Mr. Graham and Burrows came in, and Burrows began to talk to Miss Broadhurst. Taking Mackenzie by the arm, Graham led him over to the corner, discoursing on a bed of primroses which he was laying out for his own amusement. But primroses were not in the Major’s line. Suddenly interrupting Graham, he blurted out: “I really beg your pardon; I am very sorry I should have done such a thing; I didn’t —”

But Graham patted him on the back as if he had been a schoolboy. “Why, my dear fellow, don’t think of it! Why, I’d—I’d do the same thing; the fact is, if you hadn’t said it, I was going to say—those identical words myself.”

This was a gigantic falsehood, as the Major knew, but it was a comforting one.

Now it happened that Mrs. Graham had among her guests two or three severities, who were much like Mrs. Holler in their prim ways; and by two days’ talk Mrs. Holler had convinced them that Mackenzie was a most depraved specimen of manhood. Therefore, while Mr. Holler, after an animated private discussion with his wife, went to demand an abject apology from the Major, she entertained her bosom friends and Miss Broadhurst with a few remarks upon rudeness as an art. Miss Broadhurst looked annoyed and said nothing; but when Mrs. Holler concluded a half-minute speech, by denouncing Mackenzie as a low-bred cad, she rose, and took three quick steps towards the speaker.

“That’s not true!” said she, with an angry gasp. “I think Major Mackenzie just called Mr. Holler what he is!”

Mrs. Holler was stricken speechless.

What was about to happen next can never be known; for at that moment a cry of anguish came up from the billiard-room below. There was surely a familiar ring to the voice, for Mrs. Holler ejaculated “James!” and rushed for the door.

Along a passage, down four steps, along another passage, and the door of the billiard-room was in sight. Peeping through the screen doors stood the butler, evidently enjoying hugely what he saw. To thrust him aside was the work of an instant for the agitated spouse, who entered, followed by Miss Broadhurst.

On the billiard-table, stretched on his back, lay Holler,



“That’s not true!” said she, with an angry gasp.”

and beside the table, rapidly drawing him to and fro on its chalky surface, stood Mackenzie. Holler had evidently resisted; but at this juncture Mackenzie held one strong hand on his collar, while with the other he grasped one of the unfortunate Holler's ankles. There was very little bodily injury being done, but the indignity was unquestionable.

To see was to think; to think, to act. Mrs. Holler snatched up a cue, and began to belabour Mackenzie over the back with the butt-end.

"You brute! Kick him, James!

Mr. Green ever baited bulls at Madrid, he would have been more cautious before shaking the red rag. With her cue in rest, Mrs. Holler abandoned her pursuit of Mackenzie, and made full tilt at Mr. Green, whose portly waistcoat offered a tempting mark. The now prostrate Green was hit fairly, at about the level of the third waistcoat button, and lost no time in making for the door, by which all the others had already made their escape.

Mrs. Holler turned upon her husband, who was descending from the billiard-table.



"Mrs. Holler—made full tilt at Mr. Green."

Kick him, dearest! Oh—you—you!" but words failed her.

Thus assailed, Mackenzie relinquished his hold of Holler, and ran to place the table between himself and his new-found enemy; but she started in pursuit. Old Mr. Green, who had been a quiet but interested spectator, who was now sitting down on a lounge, weak with laughter, caught her eye. He, at the same instant, not liking her interference (for, above all things, he loved "a square fight, by gad!"), thrust out his cue to bar her progress. Had

"Why didn't you thrash him?"

"Why didn't I thrash him!" retorted the savage Holler, "Because!!"

Before luncheon on the following day Mackenzie had made everything right with Mrs. Graham, who was very kind and sympathetic; but, despite their entreaties, he had determined to return to the city in the afternoon, intending to complete his visit after the Hollers had gone. He was standing in the little library, looking at a marine water-colour, wondering the while if he ought not to

write a note of apology and explanation to Miss Broadhurst, when that young lady entered. He turned around, "Oh, Miss Ethel—" he began; then he stopped. She divined what he was about to say, and laid her hand on his arm. It was a matter of little difficulty for her to read the Major's thoughts.

"I think you were quite right. I wished that I had been a man, and I'd have stuck up for Mr. West, too; and wasn't it funny—on the billiard-table!" she added mischievously.

"But then I swore!" said the disconsolate Major.

"Well, I've heard swears before!"

"And you're not utterly disgusted?" queried the Major, more hopefully than before.

"No, of course not!"

"But I wager that your aunt is!" said the Major, with another descent to the depths of despair.

"Don't call her my aunt! Besides, when did you begin to pay so much deference to Mrs. Holler's opinions? Do you think she is any better judge of proprieties than I?"

"No, not one-tenth as good!"

"Well, then," said she, with an assertion of authority that the Major thought the prettiest thing in the world, "pay attention to me!"

"Exactly what I would like to do!" quoth the Major, roguishly.

"I didn't mean that, stupid!" said Ethel, with a smile.

"Don't call me names!"

"I shall call you names if I like! I'm not afraid of you!" and she shook, playfully, a very neat little fist in close proximity to the Major's nose.

It was never intended that a pretty girl should, with impunity, shake her fist in the Major's face. It is uncertain whether or not he was to blame, but the Major boldly laid hold of a bewitching little curl on her brow. In a frantic twist to escape, Miss

Ethel found that she had just wriggled herself into the Major's arms, and in that very moment she found herself most unmistakably kissed!

Before she had time to vent her wrath, Mrs. Holler's step was heard at the door; and the Major, for many reasons, made a hurried exit by the side door. Ethel stood, quite calm and collected, at the window.

"Ethel, was Major Mackenzie here just now?"

"Yes, not long ago; but he has gone out."

"I am glad, Ethel," said the Severity, "that you and he do not get on well. I think he is a most objectionable man. If he had not been going away, I should have done so."

"But we do get on well, Aunt Holler; I like him very much!" Mrs. Holler glared.

"Any man who blasphemes in the presence of ladies——"

"Who blasphemes in the presence of ladies?"

"Ethel! Don't contradict me. In your mother's name, I forbid you to have——"

"Tommyrot!" said Ethel, irreverently.

Going to the door by which the Major had escaped, she called out, "Major Mackenzie! Tom!"

The Major could scarcely believe his ears, for she had never called him Tom before. He rushed to the door.

"Look here, Tom, Aunt Holler says we don't get on well!"

Mrs. Holler's face was a picture; she turned and fled. "Tom, indeed!" she muttered; "the wretch!"

The Major turned to Ethel.

"What were you saying when I went out? I understood you to say yes!"

"I never did," said she, indignantly.

The Major's face lengthened.

"But," she added, "I was going to."

John McCrae.



FROM A PAINTING.

CUPID DISARMED.

John Anderson, My Jo.

A LOVE STORY

BY
JETNA



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. H. KAHR.

CHAPTER I.

"OH! Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad,
Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad;
Though —"

sings Meg Carnegie, but, stopping suddenly, as a clear whistle answers her song.

"It's John," she says to herself. "Who'd have thought he'd been out here this evening, and he so busy!"

The whistling continues. Meg's song and gardening have stopped . . . down goes the watering can, and pushing back her broad-brimmed hat, which had been tilted over her nose, she runs up the path, round the little arbour, and into the arms of John, who crushes the pretty white dress (and its wearer) most unmercifully.

"Well, what do you want?" she says.

"You, of course," says the young man; "and, to judge from your singing, you seemed as much in need of me."

She slips her hand through his arm, and with a soft, caressing movement lays her head down for a moment beside it. There is a happy, contented smile on her face—for those two are lovers.

Since ever John can remember, he has fairly worshipped his "Marguerite," as he calls her; but it was just a year ago he asked her to marry him,



and even then Meg had been quite amazed, she said, at his "presumption" in loving her the way they did in novels.

"Your e'en were like a spell, lassie, that ilka day bewitched me, sair. I couldna' help mysel', lassie," said he; and then—well—she gave him her hand, and a kiss besides, and promised she would ever be true.

And this had happened "within a mile o' Edinburgh town," too; for Meg is an orphan and "bides" with her aunt, Miss Graham, in a pretty country house—"cottage" they call it, except "when putting on airs." Her mother had been left a young officer's widow,

with one child, and when just starting for England from India took fever and died, being laid beside the husband whom she had mourned so bitterly. The little daughter was sent home to "Aunt Anne," her mother's only sister, and a home it has been in every sense of the word.

Meg is pretty—lovely, some of her friends call her, but "bonnie," as Sandy, the old gardener, says, suits her best of all. Sweet, true blue eyes which are grey in some lights, a winsome smile, soft, waving hair, a graceful figure, make an attractive *tout ensemble*. She dresses neatly on a very tiny sum of her own—so small that it requires much calculation to make it spin out. Now and again she has wished her John were richer, and then sagely concluded, he would not have been the same John then. And for her sake he, on his side, plods steadily on in the legal profession, and thinks how proud he will be when able to furnish a comfortable house for his pretty bride, and to get her all sorts of well-cut gowns and furbelows.

"Such news, John," she says; "just fancy—my cousin Sally, whose home is in Canada, has written to Aunt Anne, asking her to let me go and pay her a short visit. 'Twould be awfully nice. I need polishing up. Then, most important of all, she, Sally, is to stand all expenses. She has heaps of money, you know, and I have not," rattles on Meg.

"Well, what say you?" for John is looking none too pleased to lose his treasure for a few weeks, even. "How dreary," he says.

But his treasure laughs, and says he should be glad to get rid of her for a short time. "Think of it, John; I'll come back quite accomplished, speak-

ing French and all sorts of languages; Indian, too, I suppose. I will turn into quite a fine lady!"

"Ah! that's just it," he says. Somehow, I feel sure, deary, if you go, things will change—won't keep the same. Don't go and leave me."

"You silly old imaginative goose! What could happen?"—squeezing his arm. "Some wealthy monsieur might fall in love with most magnificent me? Not likely; and if he did, why,

'I'll tell him he needn't come wooing to me, For my heart, my heart is over the sea,'"

sings Meg. "No! no! nothing so romantic as a duel in prospect, my Jo. Take that frown off your forehead," stroking it softly, "and look pleased once more. There goes the tea-bell! Oh, I hope Betsy has made some scones! 'Hurry up,' as Sally says."

John laughs, and the frown vanishes as he greets Miss Graham, with whom he is a great favourite, and the three sit down at a cosy tea-table, and drink very good tea out of unfashionably large blue, willow-pattern cups, and eat hot scones and crisp short-bread, and discuss the all-important Canadian visit question. Meg's heart seems set on going. "Wealthy cousins are not so plentiful!" she cries, helping herself liberally to the short-bread. "I may never get such another chance; besides, it's a real kindness to relieve



MISS GRAHAM'S TEA TABLE.

those rich people of some of their money."

Well, finally an acceptance is written, and in a few days Meg bids a tearful goodbye to Auntie, Sandy, Betsy—not forgetting the old black cat. John accompanies her to Greenock, and waves his adieu till the steamer is a mere speck, and the slight figure in the grey homespun suit, who is waving in return, is no longer visible.

CHAPTER II.

QUEBEC, Sept. 25th, 1891.

MY OWN DEAREST JOHN:

You will know ere this that we have arrived safe and sound. We had a most dreadfully stormy passage, though the captain laughed loudly at me when I asked him if we were in great danger, and said something about "only a capful of wind." But there was a great deal more than would fill a hundred big *theatre hats*. A capful, indeed! I think captains are rather untruthful and very unfeeling, at times though generally most kind and jolly. One day I felt the steamer grate against the bottom of the Atlantic, or a sunken rock or something, and I tried to get one of the sailors to bring the captain to me at once. He said, "Captain asleep, miss." "Never mind," I commanded, "bring him;" and the poor man then said, "Miss, do you want me to be put in irons?"

Quebec is such a quaint old town. We arrived about three o'clock yesterday afternoon. Sally was waiting on the wharf for me, looking cool and "quite the thing" in a buff linen costume.

It was so funny to hear all the men who were standing about, helping with the ropes and all that, gabbling in French, and such strange French, not boarding-school kind at all.

Sally's husband is a duck—an ideal husband. She does anything she likes, and her purse is so full of dol-

lars (four almost make a £1-note, she says) that it won't close. I thought I had quite enough clothes for even a long visit when I left; but you should see Sally's blouses, and tailor-made turnout, and silks and satins—millions of them, and all so handsome; but I daresay mine will "pass muster." Sally likes that pale blue muslin, your favorite, so much, but says it wants style. I was a little angry when she said that, and told her it was your especial fancy, and she said "Um!" and pursed up her lips, and then remarked, "I shouldn't think Mr. Anderson had any taste in dress. Don't for any sake take his advice in choosing your attire." I didn't praise the colour or make of any of her attire for ever so long after that, John.

We drove, after dinner, all through the curious, steep streets, down Mountain Hill—such a hill!—a regular slide it must be in winter. We stopped the "waggon" as they called it—(it was a shabby-looking cab, I thought), and went down a great number of wooden steps, to what I was told was Champlain street. Quite a poor class of people live there. Some of the small shops, or stores, as they call them here, have such beautiful Indian work for sale in the windows.

This morning before lunch we drove out on a nice wide road, called the St. Louis road, returning by a pretty shady one called St. Foye. My dear John, the leaves, if you only could see them, all tinged with the most exquisite tints. The touch of the first frost turns them. It's impossible to describe how lovely the maples look. Oh, John, we must take a trip out here for our honeymoon. I have such lots more to say, but I fear I must stop. Sally is calling me. She wishes to go down to lower town, where all the gentlemen's offices and warehouses are, to see Dick, and then we are to cross the River St. Lawrence which is so different from our Scotch rivers or burns, rather, in com-

parison, and go to Point Levis. It just takes a few minutes to cross in a little puffing tug. Good-bye, my own dearest John—must stop. I do miss my own John. Write at once to your ever loving, faithful,

MEG.

P.S.—We expect a Frenchman, a real live 'Monsieur,' next week, to stay for a few days; he may make love to me (through an interpreter), and I suppose he'll eat frogs' legs and other delicacies! I need hardly say I'll refuse him. Farewell!

P.P.S.—Got back from Point Levis about eight o'clock, and just add a line or two before going to bed. It's now about eleven o'clock; enjoyed the trip across awfully, and oh, John, the citadel looks lovely on its high rock—something like our castle. There is no place like home, of course, but when we were coming back in the dark evening, and all the lights were twinkling and rising higher and higher, I said to Sally, "Oh Sally, Quebec is just lovely from here," and she seemed pleased, and replied she so wished I'd stay with her for good, or make my home out here. And I then remarked, "What would John do? He could not practise law in Quebec." And fancy, dearest, what she said; but you must never tell anybody, or think of it again; she said, "Oh, bother John Anderson!" I do not care very much for Sally. Good night.

Your own loving,
MEG.

CHAPTER III.

Two months have flown swiftly and very enjoyably. Winter has set in early, and all the Canadian sports are in full swing. They are novel and exhilarating for our Meg, who has become quite an adept at snow-shoeing and tobogganning. The Frenchman has come and gone—and come again. A handsome man is M. Duchesney,—dark eyes, white teeth, dark pointed beard and moustache, and he is rich, and of a good old family. Meg, noth-

ing loth, accepts his drives, courteous speeches, and ever-ready assistance at rinks and other places of amusement. Whenever she wanted a helping hand in any difficulty, M. Duchesney was at her side, suave and gracious, ever ready to explain this or that; and as for the French, he made a compact that if he coached her in his language she should do so for him in hers. Many a laugh the one had at the other's expense—and Sally looked on well pleased.

Meg often thinks of home, and writes, "I will be back soon now," and John, poor John, reads and re-reads her loving letters, and writes long, long ones in reply—loyal, devoted epistles from the heart and hand of a real good fellow.



M. DUCHESNEY.

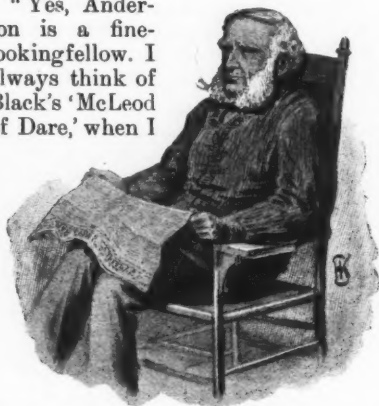
And old Sandy, who is always asking for news of his "young leddy," has little bits of Meg's rather blotted scrawls to Miss Graham read aloud to him—accounts of all the strange doings (as he calls them) in that new country over the sea. But when he gets home and takes his pipe out, and reads his paper, and sits thinking, often he says to himself, "I dinna like yon Frenchman. Mr. John'll be worth twa dozen o' thae gabbering fools. Na, na, I dinna like yon Frenchman."

One night late in November John attends a ball at the house of a friend, and while dancing with a Miss Grey, who is dressed in a blue dress, tells

her that blue is his favourite colour. This makes Miss Grey think and wonder if handsome John Anderson really likes her. But it is of Meg's blue muslin that John is thinking; his Meg is far away from him.

Later on, John runs across his hostess, and is asked to find her ivory-handled fan, the one with the jewels, which she had left somewhere. John sees the lost fan lying behind a huge palm, and, while stooping for it, hears his own name (how quick one is to catch that always!) He draws back, and the couple discussing him slowly stroll past.

"Yes, Anderson is a fine-looking fellow. I always think of Black's 'McLeod of Dare,' when I



Old Sandy soliloquizes over "yon Frenchman."

look at him," answers the girl; "he seems so true."

"Aw, yaas," drawls the young officer, one of the "79th," then stationed in the Castle. "Let's hope McLeod's fate is not in store for him. Believe he is engaged to a Miss Carnegie. My father knew hers in India. But he'd better look out; Miss Carnegie may not be so simple after all. Friend of mine staying at the Citadel in Quebec says she is engaged to a man Duchesney, a Frenchman, with lots of tin—quantities of that there, you know—roofs of the houses covered with it!"

The girl laughs, says something, and they move out of sight.

Meg, his loving, faithful little Meg,

engaged—to a Frenchman, Duchesney—*lots of tin*—he has none but what he earns—but she said she loved him. Ah! he remembers now her writing of this man, this villain; he grinds his teeth, and closes his hands on an imaginary throat. Then he somehow finds his way into the cloak-room, dons his ulster—fan, hostess, everything, forgotten. Through the cold early morning air he wends his way home to his lodgings. A policeman hears him muttering to himself, and sees the dazed look, and thinks he has taken "a drap ower muckle." He often helped gentlemen home after a spree. But John's one glass of champagne was not "the drap ower muckle." It was the few sentences he had heard in the conservatory that had gone to his brain. "Gossip, idle gossip," he keeps repeating. "I won't believe it. Fool that I am to give credit for a moment to such a lie," and he laughs aloud hysterically. Another Bobby shakes his wise head and says: "Drunk as a lord," and for answer words something like these come wafted back to him on the still air: "No, no, I'll trust my own love, for she vowed she'd keep ever true." And "Bob" smiles and thinks: "My, he's real bad; it's the *mixtures* that plays the mischief wi' them!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Really, Meg, its too provoking, and such a love of a dress," and Sally gives the soft, foamy billows of chiffon an angry toss.

There is to be a ball at the Frontenac. Dick has given his cousin a bewitching toilet to wear at it, or, rather, he has told Sally to "fix Meg up" as she best knows how. The result is a lovely "confection" of satin and gossamer, with a faint line of silver running through. "A cloud with silver lining," quoth Dick, growing poetical when he sees this work of art.

"Dear Sally, the dress is simply lovely; too good by far for me. I did



John overhears the conversation in the conservatory.

not want one or need it, really; the muslin—"

"Muslin—that draggled old thing!" snaps Sally. "Bad cold; not feeling up to going, you say? Well, I don't believe a word of it—not a word; and the trouble I've taken about that dress for you."

"Oh, Sally, I know I told you not to," comes from the depths of an arm-chair, and the figure in the pink dressing-gown turns a distressed face to the window, where her cousin is standing in her blanket coat and toque, for it is snowing heavily and she has been out. She is now in Meg's bed-

room giving her "a bit of her mind," for Sally has a tongue longer than most women, her husband says. And Dick knows, for many a time he has had to beat a retreat to avoid "a scene" when he has ventured to express his opposition to some pet project or some particular course of action on the part of his venturesome spouse. Sally has another plan just now on which she has set her heart.

"I'm not used to such fine dresses or so much outing, and I do feel tired and not well. My bones ache. I—I—I think it is 'grippe'," concludes Meg.

"Oh, bother 'grippe!'" says Sally; "you are as well as I am, and you know it; but, of course, if you are determined to be a fool, a perfect little fool, I wash my hands of you, that's all. Here is a man rich, handsome, with loads of money belonging to one of the best French families in the province, devoted to you. You have

only to hold up your finger to get him. After encouraging him from the very first, I must say you will have treated him shamefully if you draw back now—shamefully.”

A slight shudder and sort of horrified cry came from the pinked-robed figure in the big chair—her eyes are fixed on her cousin with a bewildered and beseeching look. She is sitting



—blind to pale face and beseeching looks:

“I’d have been afraid to have behaved so, and all because you fancy yourself engaged to some poor, obscure, out-at-elbows, half-starved law student called Anderson.

Ugh! The name even—so common, so plebeian; he —”

“Stop, Sally!” comes at last from the silent listener, and the voice, though low, has a determined ring in it which brings Sally to a full stop. “Leave John’s name out of the question altogether, please. You, you have been all that is kind and generous to me; oh, don’t think I am not grateful! I,” with a little laugh and the shadow of a sob; “have had a real

good time. In fact, I have been spoilt, my head turned with flattery and silly speeches, but my heart is in the right place still; I,” slowly, “told John Anderson I would be true to him. I always wear this little turquoise ring he gave me, along with a bit of white heather, which means constancy, you know. I,” and a real sob comes now, “may have been weaned away a little tiny bit from him. It may have been wrong to accept M. Duchesney’s attentions, but I know he has paid attentions to many. John thinks only of me. Oh! Sally, do not try to make me forget what honour is; do not urge me to break the heart of as true and faithful a lover as ever girl had,” and the sob ends in a torrent of tears; and Sally’s arms are round her pretty cousin, soothing and pacifying her.

But Sally is very worldly, in spite of other good qualities, and she has

no intention of throwing up the game—indeed, would think herself hardly used, after all her manoeuvring for Meg, to see her “throw herself away” upon this poor, plain, unknown (as she thinks) John Anderson.

“We’ll have tea,” she says brightly, and

Meg’s tears cease, and she is petted and fussed over.

“But mark my words,” says Dick’s wife, afterwards, to him; “just a little pressure in the right direction, and some good advice, and that silly girl will get quite reasonable, and her love (romantic rubbish!) for that aggravating Scotchman will evaporate pretty quickly. She’ll marry Duchesney, and live happy ever after.”

“Well,” says Dick, “I’m fond of lit-



tle Meg, and, in my humble opinion, she isn't cut out for a Frenchman's wife. Why bother over the matter? Let her stick to the fellow across the sea, if she cares for him, and I'm pretty sure she does," says he, waxing bolder. "And, hang it! what does money count if one has enough to be happy, and buy food and drink, and—and 'bac-cy?' " watching the smoke curling up from his favourite meerschaum.

CHAPTER V.

"Three o'clock! Get on your hat, Meg; we go out driving at a quarter-past," says Sally.

It is a lovely day, about the end of April. Mrs. Mackenzie has taken it into her head to take a trip to Toronto, and so we find them at the Queen's Hotel. Sally has important work on hand—the enchanting business of helping Meg to choose her trousseau. For Sally has carried the day, and the wedding is to be very soon.

"Ready, Sally!" says Meg, and she looks fashionable in her pale grey mohair, and pretty, wide black hat with crimson roses; but she does not look so young, and bright and happy as she used to; and she seems taller and more slender.

"Pretty girl, that," says one man to another, as the cousins pass out of the hotel to the

victoria awaiting them. "Scotch, I believe, from her accent; looks melancholy; perhaps, she's left her heart behind her in bonnie Scotland."

The victoria wends its way along King Street, where some shopping is done, and then up Jarvis. Meg is delighted with the cool-looking streets, so wide and clean, and the pretty trees.

"What about those patterns we got to look at?" remarks Sally. "I think satin will be ever so much richer-looking than silk. And have the front all lace and orange blossoms."

"Yes," absently answers Meg; "the short grey skirts look so comfortable, and the blouse and sailor hat suit them so well." Her eyes are fixed on a girl who is riding a bicycle. "I think it must be simply glorious, when you feel dull or out of spirits, to mount one of those steeds and fly through the air. See how happy they look," as a party of schoolgirls whizz past them, chattering and laughing. "Oh, Sally, let the wedding gown be of cotton, or anything, and let us spend the money on a bicycle. I want a stimulant of some kind, and that must be exhilarating!" Meg actually laughs—a rare occurrence with her now.



Mrs. Anderson explains her hopes to Dick.

"Duchesney will settle that with you," says Sally, playfully. "He comes to-morrow; have you forgotten that?"

A frown quickly succeeds the laugh, Meg sinks back in the carriage; "forgotten?" she thinks, when only yesterday she had said to herself: "Oh, hypocrite that I am, must I carry on this miserable farce? I will—I will—I will show him I will not wear the willow, even though it breaks my heart to do it. But oh, John, how could you treat me so? How could you—and why did you? It seems strange, mysterious; but Sally always says we were not suited. Still, I am so unhappy; it is all wrong—wrong!"



MRS. CARMICHAEL.

That night she had the same thoughts again, and sobbed herself to sleep.

The old proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," had been true in her case. She had cared more for her lover since leaving him than she had ever done before; or, rather, she had never really known the extent of her feeling for him till then. However, just after she had indignantly thrust aside the idea even of seriously accepting Duchesney's attentions, John's letters had suddenly ceased. In vain had poor Meg waylaid the postman morning after morning. "No letters, miss," he would cheerfully announce. "Hope deferred maketh

the heart sick," but it also made our pretty Meg keep herself at her prettiest, dance her lightest, skate, toboggan and flirt to the best of her ability—and she was no poor hand at any of the three last-named accomplishments.

When the winter was over she wore a sparkling hoop of diamonds, in place of the little turquoise ring, and was congratulated by all her friends on being "a very lucky girl." And if being miserable makes one lucky, then, indeed, she is.

And John. Well, his landlady declares he is working himself to death. Motherly Mrs. Carmichael is sore distressed. With the penetration of her sex in a love affair she has noticed the non-arrival of letters directed in a round, feminine hand, and vows vengeance on the disturber of her young lodger's peace of mind. Indeed, she audibly gives vent to her anger one day when carrying "ben" to the kitchen his scarcely touched dinner, by exclaiming: "Well, afore I'd be sae saft as let ony woman mak' me gang aff my meat like that, I'd"—and a whisk of her clean, starched print gown, and a clatter of dishes finishes the sentence, and John wonders what has put out his generally good-tempered landlady.

And could that landlady see within a certain locked drawer in his desk a letter with a foreign stamp on it, and could she read that letter, the mystery as to what "ailed" her young man would be solved. The handwriting is delicate and refined, the paper a soft, warm, creamy hue; but the words are cold and cruel, and briefly inform "Dear Mr. Anderson" that Miss Carnegie's feelings have undergone a change, which, in the interest of future happiness, it is better to acquaint him with; that she had mistaken a "fancy" for a deeper feeling, as is often the case with a girl as unsophisticated as "Dear Meg."

"And always I am,

Sincerely yours,

SARAH MACKENZIE."

And the sun shone, and the north winds blew, and the world wagged as usual. For *whole* hearts or *broken* hearts it still goes round. And John, poor John, is—"is aff his meat".....

Duchesney, though fond of his bride-elect in his own way, is undemonstrative and by no means an exacting lover. He is puzzled often by his *fiancée's* coldness, but attributes it to shyness and Scotch reserve. Still, he cannot understand. Meg was so bright and lively formerly, but now——"

"Do all your young ladies in Scotland change as much after they wear an engagement ring?" he asks Dick one day.

And Dick coughs and gives some evasive reply, and thinks, "If the poor beggar hasn't the sense to see that the girl does not care one straw about him, he must just do the other thing. He wouldn't thank me if I interfered, but I feel sure little Meg will give him his *congé* some day soon—and then, my goodness, won't Sally's tongue have hard work!"

Dick had never "chummed" much with Duchesney. In fact, he had rather a contempt for the "scented dandy," as he called him; besides, having heard of his many affairs of the heart before this, he rather doubted the sincerity of his affection for anyone but *himself*. To do Duchesney justice, he did not know he had had a rival in the field when he offered his hand and heart to bonnie Miss Carnegie, as Meg was called. He was a man of vast conceit, and Meg's indifference, and easy, friendly behaviour to him fired his ambition, lured him on and made him determined to win her. The idea of a refusal never occurred to him. Indeed, after a somewhat noisy champagne supper one evening, he had confided to his male friends that the charming demoiselle was on the *qui vive* for his declaration, and would suit him admirably.

His wealth and position tempted Sally to aid (as she fancied) her

cousin "to be off with the old love before being on with the new." Alas! what a wreck does this worldly-mindedness often make of true happiness—and that was just Sally's besetting sin; ambition and love of money were fast spoiling a kind and generous nature, and an unselfish one, because she really imagined she was benefiting Meg—securing her a brilliant future, instead of seeing her sacrifice herself to a "nobody."

One evening shortly after the visit to Toronto, some friends had been dining at the Mackenzie's, at one of those informal *recherché* little affairs they were fond of giving. Dick, who is rather an erratic being, suddenly announces that there is to be a good concert in the Music Hall that evening, and proposes they should adjourn to it. Cloaks and shawls are quickly donned, and a merry party sets forth. Somehow, Mrs. Mackenzie's parties are always merry.

The programme is not very attractive; a few hackneyed songs are sung, and the sad and touching "Sands o' Dee" meets with great approval. Then a painfully shy young man entreats his hearers to "Come back to Erin," a confident young woman crashes through the Marseillaise, another young man, with a really good tenor voice, gives "John Peel," always a favourite old English hunting song, and after these a sweet, ladylike girl rather nervously advances to the front of the stage, and in a fresh mezzo-soprano delights the audience with "Kathleen Mavourneen," which is vehemently encored. The voice is beautiful, and has a plaintive ring in it. She hesitates; the people are still demanding another song. A moment later, and the simple old Scotch air of "John Anderson, my Jo," is floating through the hall. A curious hysterical feeling comes over Meg, who is, of course, sitting beside Duchesney. Her heart seems to be throbbing and beating all out of time, and what is that horrid choking sensation in her throat?

She must scream, but has not the power. There is a buzzing in her ears, the lights are dancing up and down—up and down. She gives a sort of frantic "lurch" towards M. Duchesney, who is gazing through his opera-glass at the singer. She is dimly conscious of a wild desire for air—air, and then, singer, audience, everything fades away, and for the first time in her life Meg has fainted. There is a buzz of excitement, and smelling salts, and scent bottles; but Duchesney, quick in an emergency, raises her in his arms, and carries her to the coolness outside of the heated hall, where cold water and fanning restore her, after some minutes, to consciousness; at least partly so. She opens her eyes, then closes them again, saying, in a trembling voice, "John, dear John—I want you—stay with me—why have you left me?—John—ah!" with a little cry, as her senses return to her. "Where am I?" Raising her head from M. Duchesney's arm, her eyes fall on the diamonds glittering on his hands; then looking up to his face, for he is still bending over her, another cry breaks from her lips. She shudders violently, and draws away from him, saying wildly, "Oh, now I remember—how could I forget! Take me home! Take me home! for I know John loves me still!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Dear Miss Graham, you must really turn me out; you make me so comfortable, you will find me a fixture if you don't look out," laughs John Anderson. "Ah!" sniffing the perfume which comes in at the open window, "how sweet that wallflower is!"

It is a lovely summer afternoon, and he is lying on the old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa in the pretty, homelike drawing-room at the Cottage. A mere shadow of his former self is John, for he has had a sharp attack of brain fever.

"All that young woman's doings," Mrs. Carmichael has informed Sandy, who shakes his wise old head, and says, "He ken't what going to that foreign land wad dae, he ken't fine hoo't wad be. Wae's me, an' sich a fine young man as Maister Anderson. My, I thocht the lassie had mair sense, ava! Weel, weel, we can but wait awa' see hoo things turn out. Its an' awfu' peety she's set her heart on the vanities o' this wicked world; that's the trouble, I'm thinking."

But Sandy had an idea of his own, and this idea finally crystallized itself into a letter. And this poor little scrawl, written with infinite pains (for Sandy had been a brave "sodger," but no scholar), sped on its way, and this was all it said (the spelling was different, of course):

DEAR MISS MEG:

Maister John has been verra' bad and at death's door with fever of the brain. He's no muckle to look at now, being that thin ye can see through him. I fear me, sair, he is wearing awa'. Will ye no come back again?

Respectfully yours,
SANDY.

And never a doubt has Sandy but that it will be "richt noo"—that these few touching words will bring his young "leddy" safe and sound across the sea to her ain Jo.

And a few days after, in the sweet little garden, with its old-fashioned flowers, John Anderson is slowly pacing up and down, his hands clasped behind his back. His coat hangs loosely on his tall, gaunt figure; in the band of his wide a-wake soft felt hat a few blue-bells, with their hair-like stems, are languishing. His face is browned with the sun, though, and his keen blue eyes, with the kindly glance in them "for man and beast," as the country folk say, are losing that hollow look.

"Oh, aye, he's pickin' up," mutters the old gardener, "but when she comes

he'll—weel—he'll jist feel as I wad if I saw my ain Kirsty comin' back tae me frae Heaven, a-crossing the burn doon there, an' the sun glintin' on her hair, for it seemed to love her bonnie hair," and the old man sighs, for through the mist of years the image of his gude wife shines clearly still.

Miss Graham had felt Meg's fickle conduct very keenly, but the sore subject had only been mentioned between them once, for John is of a reserved nature, like most Scotchmen. Unselfish all through, no feeling of anger against his love fills his breast. She had told him she loved him. She had sworn to be true to him, but she had not really known what love was. Some one else had taught her, and he—the light of his life had gone out, but if she is happy, he thinks, then all is right. Self is entirely put aside; pride and sentiment play no part in this tragedy; he must smile and take his place in the world again soon now, and the patched-up heart must do its work in place of a whole one. Would there were more such noble natures as belonged to poor, obscure, out-at-elbows, humble John Anderson.

CHAPTER VII

"A letter for you, miss, and M. Duchesney waits in the drawing-room!"

Meg takes the badly-addressed envelope, turns it over and over, wondering, like the postman, who it can be from—then, seeing the postmark, tears it open—reads, and with every scrap of colour faded from her cheeks and lips, calls:

"Marie! find out for me when the next steamer leaves for Glasgow—Quick!—don't stand staring there; go, I say."

The French maid, scarcely understanding, is hesitating, but at the word "go!" turns and runs downstairs. She has scarcely done so ere she is frantically recalled by her young mistress.

"Help me to pack! I must go at once—at once," she utters breathlessly—pitching skirts, blouses, hats, boots, slippers, stockings, in a perfect avalanche to poor, bewildered Marie, who requires to exercise no little skill in order to dodge the high-heeled boots and slippers.

"This ravishing costume, Mademoiselle?" she enquires, commencing to fold up the lovely shimmering white ball dress, and very much astonished is she to find the ravishing costume twitched from her fingers and flung to the other side of the room, where it lay in a frothy heap.



"The tall, gaunt figure."

"Heavens!" mutters the maid, marvelling what had gone wrong with "Mees Carnegie," for Meg was usually pleasant and affable to the servants, and they all loved her.

"Take that hateful dress!" says Meg; adding, under her breath, "the dress I wore when I was base enough to promise to marry one man while I loved another, and that other I *know* has never in thought, word or deed swerved from me; how could I for a moment think so?" and she goes on throwing to the girl all she can quickly get out of the wardrobe, avoiding with a shudder anything belonging to the "trousseau."

"M. Duchesney waits, Mademoiselle," repeats Marie a second time. She has a sincere admiration for the handsome Frenchman.

"Let him—but, no—here, give me my tea gown"—for Meg had been resting in her dressing gown this warm afternoon; and slipping on the soft, silky, amber-coloured *negligé* all ruffled with creamy lace, she runs swiftly downstairs and into the drawing-room. Not one glance in the glass had she taken—her hair is ruffled, her eyes shining with excitement and looking dark in contrast to the small, colourless face. The loose, flowing yellow gown, drawn in round the waist with fluttering golden cord and tassels, clings softly, almost pathetically, to the slender figure—one of those indescribable works of art from a fashionable modiste which are easy and graceful, and yet fit perfectly.

M. Duchesney, in irreproachable dress and carefully-pointed beard, turns as she enters, twirls his waxed moustache, flicks a speck of dust from his coat sleeve with his perfumed handkerchief, and advances with outstretched hands, thinking how really charming his Scotch *fiancée* is looking, —almost a beauty, and quite a presentable Madame Duchesney.

As he advances Meg retreats, and pulling off the diamond hoop, her betrothal ring, she lays it on the table she has stopped beside.

"Why! what!"—he begins; but Meg makes a gesture for him to cease.

"This is your ring!" she says, speaking quickly, but distinctly, though her poor heart is beating wildly. "I give it back to you. I never really loved you, though I was wicked enough to take your gifts and promise to marry you".....

"You speak strangely, Mademoiselle. Do my feelings count not in this new arrangement?".....

"They do—they do. It is for your sake, as well as mine," cries Meg. "You remember that night at the

concert?" Duchesney stiffly inclines his head. "Well, after that there was little need to speak. You must have known how it was with me."

"But, I—I—was told you wished to hold me to my bargain. Not so—not so; I see there has been a little misunderstanding all round," he rejoins. "You were indisposed after the concert. Mrs. Mackenzie did then tell me you had had a little *affaire* in your own country which had been off for some time. Indeed, I think she implied that the young man had—had 'cried off'—yes, these were her words. It seems she was wrong. My heart has been at your feet since we met first, and it is thus you repay me."

"Ah! forgive, forgive me!" says Meg, and loyalty to her cousin seals her lips, though there is anger in his heart against her. "Everything has been wrong, but let there be no more deception between us. Let a final decision be come to *without interference*," drawing up her slight figure, "for what happiness could ever be ours if I still deceived myself and you?"

Meg draws further back as Duchesney again approaches her. "Take this," she adds, again holding out the glittering ring. "You do not mind very much. Keep it for someone more worthy of it than I. I am not worth crying over; besides, my heart has always, always belonged to another, and I have murdered him."

M. Duchesney, with one or two staccato bounds, at once widens the distance between them and keeps it. "Those small hands do not look murderous," he is thinking, "but still one never knows."

Meg, divining his thoughts, almost laughs as she reassures him by saying: "Oh! there is no blood on my hands. I just broke his heart, that was all. He ceased to write to me—I know not why. Something tells me there was a reason, and that made me angry, you see. You were always kind and generous to me. I liked you." Duchesney bows stiffly. "I was piqued at

John's silence, and I accepted you; and he trusted me so—he trusted me so! And now he is dying, or dead, and that cruel ocean between us, so dark and cold. Oh! forgive me, please, and believe me by helping me to go to him. Ah! why did I come here—why did I? Only to work mischief. It is all my fault," and the tears are running down her cheeks, and passionate sobs are breaking from her as she holds her hands out beseechingly to Duchesney.

Real feeling begets real feeling, and Meg's some time lover clasps her hands in his, saying in an earnest, sincere voice, which is a little shaky, to tell the truth: "Compose yourself, dear Miss Carnegie; if you had never come, I would not have been taught by you what a most beautiful thing true love is. I used to fancy what you promised me never 'rang true'—but I could not tell, not knowing what I now know." A sob from Meg, who is crying quietly now. "If all Scottish hearts are as faithful as yours, then happy is the man who wins one for his own. We love, but with a difference."

"Faithful! No, no! I have been vain and silly, and the good things money can give tempted me; I was always mercenary. It is all my fault!" cries poor Meg. "Ingratitude for kindness has been my return—it is all my fault!"

"No, not all," says a voice; and it is Sally's. And then a graceful figure in a cool-looking and *chic* "get-up" of pale mauve (for becoming costumes, she confesses, are her strong point) moves across the polished floor, and puts her arm gently round her cousin, giving M. Duchesney a bright "good afternoon" in passing, and he thinks what a pretty picture they make, as the mauve and gold colours blend artistically together. Sally was really sorry for Meg's distress; but had her cousin worn a *blue* dressing gown, nothing, not even oceans of tears, would have induced her to fold

her in her embrace. "Not all your fault," repeats Sally; "I plead guilty to valuing money, position, fine clothes, jewels, far more than a true and noble heart's devotion. I partly, *pour passer le temps*, turned matchmaker—tried to tempt Meg to jilt her Scotch lover because he could give her none of these advantages; and when I saw she was determined to remain true to him, for her good, as I thought, I wrote to him."

Meg starts violently, and, drawing away from her cousin, raises her head, fixing her soft eyes, with an eager, breathless look upon her face. "Ah!" she cries, her breath coming quick and fast—and then she waits. "I wrote to him," repeats Sally, "and the result was, he ceased writing—details are always tiresome. I did it for the best."

"Oh! Sally, Sally, how could you? I will never, never forgive you; it was wicked—dishonourable! And poor John, to mislead him so—and now—dead, perhaps! Ah! Sally, it was cruel kindness."

"Cruel fiddlesticks! You ought to feel very much indebted to me for all the trouble I've taken about you, you silly girl." But there is a rather suspicious tremor in Mrs. Mackenzie's voice which belies the off-hand speech, and the mauve and gold are close together again, and Sally is softly stroking poor Meg's down-bent brown head, upon which, all unknown to her, some glittering drops are falling. And now the dark-eyed cavalier of the picture moves into active life and joins the clinging figures.

"Compose yourself, dear Miss Carnegie, and we will assist you now. You wish to go to your friend—your lover? Well, I shall waste no time in seeing about the arrangements. Let us all forget what has passed. It was *pour passer le temps*, as Mrs. Mackenzie says. It is over. Let us be good comrades still, in the days to come. *Au revoir*," and with a wave of the hand and a smile Duchesney was gone

—and Meg had never felt so near loving him as now. . . .

CHAPTER VIII.

In the twilight of a soft summer evening, somewhere about a fortnight later, a cab is driving quickly along Princes-St., Edinburgh, towards the west end—and the girl seated inside, dressed in grey homespun, and little felt hat with jaunty white wings at the side, feels her heart throb with a great gladness. Now they are passing "Sir Walter Scott's monument," and then the grim old Castle, which "stands upon a rock," frowns down upon her; but her heart is light, and she sends back a smile for the frown. An organ in Castle Street is playing "Home, Sweet Home," and Meg leans back with a restful feeling she has not felt for months.

Meg, arrived at the said gate, descended from her "kerridge," paid her fare, and tripped down the familiar lane still perfumed with wild roses and honeysuckle as it had been the day she left nearly a year ago.

"A year ago!" says she to herself, "it seems like ten. Anyway, I feel ten years older. Ah, Sandy, is that you? Gallant as ever!" For the old man's pipe is instantly shoved into his coat pocket, and, hat in hand, he stands with beaming face.

"I kent it; I kent it," he says, "for I dreamt I seed ye comin' doon the lane last nicht. An' it's a prood man I am the day, being the first to speer 'hoo's a' wi ye?'"

Meg shakes him vigorously by both hands. "Yes, I'm back. 'East or West, Home is best,' Sandy!"

"Aye, aye," says the gardener, "Ye're richt, only yince I thoct it wasna' when I broke the gudewife's best Cheeny teapot, an' she gaed me a bit o' her mind—puir Kirsty."

"Sandy, quick, tell me, how is *he*?"

The cunning old servant has his turn now. "An' hoo may ye be speerin' after? Oh, it's Maister An-

derson is it? Weel, he's comin' round fine noo. He'd best look sharp; he's to be married soon."

"Married soon!—Mr. Anderson?" and something clutches at Meg's heart, and she turns away her face to hide its paleness, pulling a spray of honeysuckle from the hedge with her trembling hand, and holding it to her lips unsteadily.

"I am glad he is coming round, Sandy," she says. "I must go and congratulate him. Who—who is the lady?"

"The leddy, Miss, the leddy, weel, I'm thinkin' it should be piper's news tae ye Miss, for its naebody but yersel Mr. John 'll be going to marry—beggin' yer pardon for takin' the liberty tae say so." And Sandy chuckles to himself as he watches Miss Meg's hasty departure. "It's a' richt noo, an' 'twas my sendin' that billy-dux that did it." And the pipe comes out with a gratified flourish, and a "prood" man proceeded to fill and smoke it.

And the young "leddy" sped nimbly on—on. Opening the back gate she steals softly through the well-stocked kitchen garden. Betsy, happily, is nowhere to be seen, so she continues her way uninterrupted. Through the pantry and then along the passage to the pretty, home-like drawing-room with all its knick-knacks—the globe of gold fish, the old-fashioned bookcase, with the Waverley novels on the lowest shelf; and there is the black cat purring away on the big, shabby arm-chair which had been her grandfather's.

It is the "gloaming," and a soft, half light fills the room. The perfume of roses floats in at the open window, and one taller than the others is looking in at a long-legged specimen of humanity in flannels, who is lounging back on a low couch, a "tonic"-looking bottle and carafe of water on a small table at his side. A vase of pale green glass filled with Marguerites keeps them company. He seems dozing. The evening paper has fallen

to the floor. His eyes open. Meg draws further into the shadow. How thin his face—how thin—but sun-tanned and healthy-looking also. She can see the blue veins in his hands, they are so white. As he stretches one out towards the vase and selects one of the largest daisies—a faint, sad smile flits over his face.

The breeze seems to have died away. It is very still everywhere, except for a voice in the distance singing rather out of tune, "When the Kye come Hame."

"A little, passionately; not at all," says John. "A little, passionately; not at all. A little, passionately——"

"Always, always and forever. John, John! My own true love! It is I, Meg, your Meg, and all my heart is yours."

And then there is a silence more eloquent than words. And one star comes out and twinkles down upon them, and a little breeze gets up, and the rose nods its pretty head in a friendly way at them as if well pleased, and the old black cat blinks at them but they seem oblivious to all but the fact that they are together once more.

"Dear heart, my Marguerite, you are happy and content?" asks John, for the fiftieth time. And Meg looks up at him with a smile and a tear, saying, "I, Meg Carnegie, do swear by this little turquoise ring and by yonder moon that I am truly happy and content forever in the love of 'John Anderson, my Jo'."

Jetna.



LONGFELLOW.

HERE, where the sunbeams steep the meadows wide
Of quaint Grand Pré, I stand where he *did* stand,
Watching the ancient dykes that keep the tide
From creeping stealthily upon the land,
Watching the willows, all so gnarled and old,
Watching the shimm'ring light that loves to play
On Minas Basin—and the mists that fold
About old Blomidon, so gaunt and grey.
Acadia, you owe a debt to him
Who sings of you, in notes so sweet and strong
That hearts must thrill, and eyes grow soft and dim,
The while rings through the world that wondrous song.

*What though upon his grave the grass is green?
He cannot die who wrote Evangeline.*

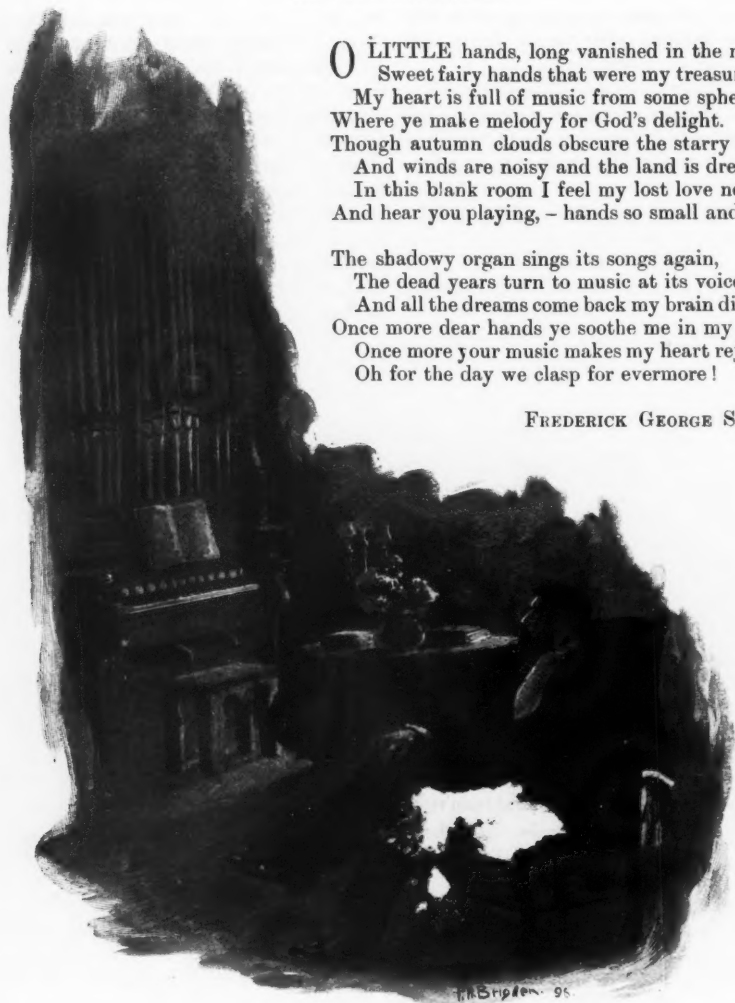
JEAN BLEWETT.

AT NIGHTFALL.

O LITTLE hands, long vanished in the night—
 Sweet fairy hands that were my treasure here,
 My heart is full of music from some sphere
 Where ye make melody for God's delight.
 Though autumn clouds obscure the starry height,
 And winds are noisy and the land is drear,
 In this blank room I feel my lost love near,
 And hear you playing, — hands so small and white.

The shadowy organ sings its songs again,
 The dead years turn to music at its voice,
 And all the dreams come back my brain did store.
 Once more dear hands ye soothe me in my pain,
 Once more your music makes my heart rejoice,—
 Oh for the day we clasp for evermore!

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.



J. B. Bridgen. 95.



FROM A PAINTING.

THE ARTIST AND HIS CRITIC.



THE whole unfortunate business was brought about by the abominable behaviour of Mrs. VanSawder's electric lights.

We were all sitting at dessert, very fashionable, very well behaved and very dull. The anxiety of Mrs. VanSawder about her dinners invariably infected her guests, and we were, I think, unfeignedly relieved that the footman had steered clear of disastrous breakers, and the cook safely navigated us to our present port.

On one side of me sat Miss Sperring—a mere shadow in the prevailing gloom; but on the other was Bridget. Bridget is—well, just Bridget, and I should have been more than content with my geographical position at the table, if it had not been that the Other Fellow sat on her left hand. Bridget was charming to us both; she has just that fascinatingly shy manner which can only be successfully assumed by persons of irreproachable breeding, who have been through two seasons at least.

I had made up my mind to propose; so, I felt convinced, had the Other Fellow. There was not a moment to be lost; still, I fancied she would not

be pleased if I asked her at the table. How should it be done? I stared abstractedly at the Man Opposite, lost in thought. Suddenly I became aware that the Man Opposite was smiling at Bridget. I turned fiercely; she was poising a morsel of peach on the end of her fork, and listening with large-eyed, innocent sympathy, to some thing the Other Fellow was saying.

Suddenly the lights went out—abruptly, completely, without even a preliminary flicker. Somebody gasped, someone else's fruit-knife dropped with a clatter, and there was a slight clink of glass. Then dead silence and thick, velvety darkness.

I seized my opportunity. I do not attempt to excuse myself; any man with Bridget next him would have done the same thing.

I leaned slightly toward the left; my moustache brushed a cheek not a hundred miles away from my own; I kissed it; I whispered "Darling," and the lights flashed up again.

I did not dare to look at her; I occupied myself in soothing Miss Sperring's maiden fears. When I did steal a side glance in the other direction Bridget was leaning back in her chair,

scarlet from brow to chin; her shoulders were heaving under their satin band. The Other Fellow had nearly turned his back on her.

How would she take it? Suddenly she turned to me and smiled shyly. My heart leaped.

"You got it?" I said rather incoherently.

"Yes," she murmured. "I am so glad; but it was rather embarrassing!"

"Suppose the lights had not gone out!" I said.

"I should have got it afterwards," she answered, with a little bewitching tilt of her chin; "Shouldn't I?"

"I should have taken care of that," I said.

Then the Other Fellow struck in, and I fell into a blissful silence. Presently Mrs. VanSawder "picked up the eyes," and the ladies drifted on billows of silk out of the room.

When we followed them, the Other Fellow got to the drawing-room first, and marched—confound his cheek!—straight to the cushioned window seat where Bridget was waiting for Me.

"My dear fellow," I said, tapping him on the shoulder, just as he was about to gather up his coat tails, "I know you will forgive me if I ask you to leave Bridget and me to a little *tête-à-tête*. I have something very special to say to her."

"Well, upon my word, I like that," he cried wrathfully; "suppose I have something very special to say myself?"

"There, there," I replied soothingly, "of course you don't understand. It

only happened when the lights went out."

I looked at Bridget and smiled. She returned an uncomprehending stare. The Other Fellow looked at her and smiled, and she stared at him.

"Bridget!" I cried, "tell him to go away; you know I have a right to—"

"Bridget," interrupted the Other Fellow, "didn't you give me a——"

"Bridget, where were you when—"

"Bridget, didn't you call me a dar——"

Our voices were attracting attention; the Man Opposite strolled up.

"What's all this?" he said curiously.

"Ask her what happened when the lights went out," I said angrily. "Ask her where she was."

All looked at Bridget. She was crimson.

"I haven't the faintest idea what this extraordinary conduct means," she said deliberately. "As for my whereabouts—if you must know—I was under the table!"

"Under the table!" we all echoed in stupefaction.

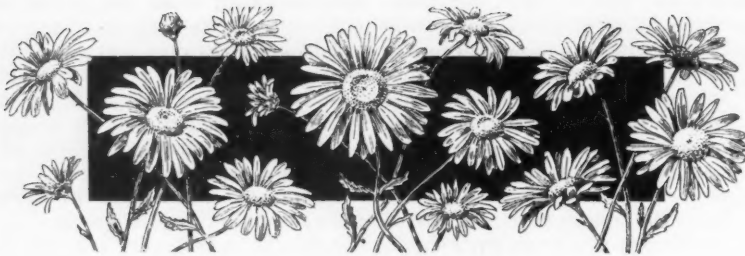
Bridget looked down. "I have a stupid fashion of kicking off my slipper at dinner; to-night I couldn't find it, and when the lights went out it seemed such a good opportunity that I slipped down——"

I turned to the Other Fellow. He was almost white. I felt pale.

We both laughed a little, and it was the Man Opposite who sat down in the window seat.

Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.





KATE GARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XXI.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

THE Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention—how he

would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution, when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretences"; how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dogcart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through the rain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because although he had obeyed his

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conscience at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age, for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could only have stooped at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighbourhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporised fold in the minister's top coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs, and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service of the aged,

he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbour—in whom for the native humour that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated pigsty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed shop.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's



dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaeins hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half-a-dozen coonty birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honourables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye' sittin' there, Drum, she' ill hae him.

"My word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it'll be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half pay and a few pounds frae a fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin'; shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deevilry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a' peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarrelling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma lady whuppit out o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a

time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a make-up the story about Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply," she wes threatenin, tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as anybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye saie a Bailie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'

"Noo a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives . . . Ye' ill come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his wy," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any high-mindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heiress, and she was a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he

touched the point there—receiving Doctor Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but . . . This daughter of a Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn-door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine, too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fery rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It is not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the



"Ah, he's in, but ye canna see him."

Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

"Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month," I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentleman, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate has gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she

will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson, and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochty woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a vist to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochty. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he wes daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've eneuch without ony fyke (delicate work) a' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been

for peety a' wud hae flung up the place.

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the waufies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude enouch for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so commanding that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be?" raising her voice to rally her heart, "'at wud take chairage o' a strainger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochtly Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hizzies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favourite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for

it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My friend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Dr. Saunderson, Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Mis-sabib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochty . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed and wrapped round his shoulders the old grey plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom, immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggressively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her

head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the house-keeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it.

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochty, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochty. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not

that he spake aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Dr. Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here, also, I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . ."

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and, half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you . . . nothing left here . . . but you . . . my breath is bad, a little chill— . . . understand. . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'ill send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way. . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both . . ." He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end.

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of—"

"I know, Rabbi," and, kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear: "Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in

Him." He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note—"Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said, in a clear voice full of joy, "My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, "Rabbi, Rabbi."

CHAPTER XXII.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

DOCTOR DAVIDSON allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after-luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his timetable—notwithstanding certain way-side rests—that the Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his



master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed, and afterwards remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

"The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, "that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall, ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochtly, and under this long, green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days when men fought, not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love; and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honour is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindness, so that now when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly

missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

"Fower letters the day, Doctor, ane frae Dunleith, ane frae Glasgie, ane other frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' about it. Twa circulars an' the *Caledonian* maks up the hale hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By-and-by, when the labour of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would make for his favourite seat beside the white rose tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the *Muirtown Advertiser*. It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its rouns reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the Goodman found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centres. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sally forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts' great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up

a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper like the minister might be supposed independent of Posty's precis, but even Dr. Davidson, with that day's *Caledonian* in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Gleisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while, and noo it's a fair stramash. They say it'll no be lichtsome for weedows an' mony decent founk in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of these swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hard-headed up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld folk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coal-pit explosion in Lanarkshire, or a loss of fishing boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious

philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we'll see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humour to assign one fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid" appeared in various subscription-lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy arch, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighbouring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he



"To put flowers on his grave"

pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practise many little economies, who travelled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him. Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the

Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Dr. Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this afternoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like A'Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind

of . . . saint?"

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre,"—Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and General

fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is it?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window.

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am . . . a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she'll be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but . . . Tochtly Lodge?"

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here . . . but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochty, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we'll be out of the place—nothing left but our graves."

"Sandie, this is bad form, and . . . you'll not hear this talk again; we'll get a billet somewhere and wherever it be, the'll be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about down-

stairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you—" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge, when we were getting it to our mind; but we'll have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then, my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you'll have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. *Voila, mon père.*"

When the two Drumtochty men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs. There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbours, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had

inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle, whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing. No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stockbroker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia, which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighbourhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists

on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayrshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentleman, it appears to me as if under a natural provocation and suffering we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced. The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that, at any rate, those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something that cannot be taken from us by fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honour."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang, but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—all men of the old Scots

breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sounds of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, travelling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle dealers, was so abashed by their remarks as they read the *Caledonian* that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's hes a sair fecht tae keep straicht in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached,

Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honouring you."

It was a fine instance of the unflinching tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dogcart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Netherton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph, and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted, but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the hand-shake of the Drumtochty men.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

OUR EMBLEM.

THE maple-leaf fades slowly out,
Reluctance beams in each bright fold;
And, blushing crimson red, she throws
A parting kiss of yellow gold.

Verdant in spring-time infancy,
And golden-red in weeping fall,
Is not our tender maple-leaf
The fairest emblem of them all?

A. P. McKISHNIE.

CABOT AND OTHER WESTERN EXPLORERS.

BY THE HON. C. H. MACKINTOSH, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE N. W. TERRITORIES.

ON the 17th of February last, the Senate Chamber of the Parliament of Canada presented a pageant happily conceived and admirably directed by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. That termed a Fancy Ball was, in reality, a significant object lesson, illustrative of various epochs in Canadian history, eminently calculated to awaken interest in personages who, during successive periods, had been prominent in the discovery, settlement and progress of the Dominion. It was history in the concrete, from days when, in 982, Eirek, or Leif Eirekson, and his Norsemen penetrated the Polar regions, discovering Iceland and Greenland, to modern times, with Canada, a branch of the Empire, her people industrious, contented and prosperous, enjoying all the blessings of constitutional rule, and having, as the representative of Her Majesty, a Governor-General who closely identifies himself with the material interests of the commonwealth.

Past and present were happily blended: John Cabot, surrounded by his Venetian friends; Jacques Cartier, Champlain; the early French and English in Acadia—de Monts, Sir William Alexander and Charles de la Tour; the days of Maisonneuve; New France under de Tracy, Frontenac and other courtiers of the "Grande Monarque" period; English Acadia in the days of "Evangeline," and Montcalm and Wolfe; the coming of the United Empire Loyalists—God bless them!—and the regime of Murray and Haldimand and Simcoe; and then the modern or "up-to-date" statesman—a type we always have with us! It was, indeed, a beautiful conception, a patri-

otic idea, an event worthy of being perpetuated, greatly assisting those who had for many months striven to direct public attention to, and win sympathy for, a national design—the Cabot Revival. It remains to be seen what Ontario and Nova Scotia will accomplish, particularly if the other Provinces throughout the Dominion co-operate in this prospective jubilee.

When Henry VII., emerging from an atmosphere of apathy and grab, tickled the palm of "him who founded the new Isle," with a gift of £10 0s. 0d., he doubtlessly premised that "John Kabotto, Venecian," would not be sole beneficiary. This sudden freak of munificence must have astounded all conversant with the avaricious instincts of their sovereign. On the other hand, he may have been impelled by considerations altogether foreign to issues affecting Britain's geographical boundaries. Roasting Lollard martyrs, variegated branding, unartistic ear-slitting, extortions and quelling, resultant revolutions, were becoming monotonous as well as exceedingly dangerous operations. Added to this, there existed a widespread conviction that treasure passing within Royalty's abnormally lengthy reach seldom escaped absorption. This startling manifestation of prodigality was, therefore, a masterpiece of diplomacy, albeit a severe wrench to majestic purse-strings. Cabot may have been satisfied, although, on a second occasion, when "given and graunten" permission to re-visit "the londe and isles of late founde by the seid John," he stayed at home, deputing his son, Sebastian, to command the expedition.

Republics have flourished, empires decayed, since then, and the year 1897,

marking the four hundredth anniversary of John Cabot's journey in quest of the Western World, and passage thence to the gorgeous kingdoms of Asia, naturally revives days when European traders, bearing the standard of a broader commercial intelligence, if not higher civilization, coquetted with the East, only to meet with gruesome rebuffs. Brigandage and bloodshed followed all venturing into Turcomania, Upper India and the fastnesses and deserts of Thibet; and while pioneers were alive to the magnificence of Cathay, the splendours of Polo's Zipangu, the colossal resources and vast possibilities of the languorous Orient, those whose necks had been spared wisely decided that existing advantages were, to some extent, chimerical; as thousands have done since they looked yearningly towards the West for a highway to the promised land.

No wonder King Henry squandered £10 0s. 0d. upon the enterprise, or the heroic navigator, Columbus, willingly gave the best years of a patient life, battling with the elements of physical nature. Persevering, self-reliant, intrepid—who more competent to assist in solving the mystic problem of the Great Unknown? Some authorities speculatively affirm that Cabot, sailing to the West, reached Labrador, Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland; it is more probable—if maps and charts possess virtue—that he sighted Nova Scotia, or the Island of Cape Breton, arriving at the northern portion of

the continent long before Columbus reached the Orinoco. Why not admit that the area was too great for one man to discover, and that until Nansen, making a second attempt, stands on the earth's pivot, sees latitude disappear, and, by a twist of his heel, "travels every degree of longitude," or Andree and his companions hover over the North Pole, sage or scientist should pause ere rendering even a tentative verdict upon the boundaries of this continental domain?



*Ever faithfully
C. Mackenzie*

To be sure, the neighbouring Republic seldom suffers from excessive modesty, the very best being never too good to claim, even though the property or privilege of others; still, if monopoly is craved, Canadians would doubtless meet their demands, yielding a modicum of the glory, the achievements, the fame of Christopher Columbus, while canonising the man who sailed from Bristol—John Cabot. Equally would they give credit to those distinguished explorers, Lewis and Clarke, while re-

serving their allegiance for the man who inscribed upon the rock-bound shores of the Pacific, "Alexander Mackenzie—from Canada by land, July 22nd, 1793." Captain Clarke and his companion, Lieutenant Lewis, certainly left the Atlantic coast in June, 1803, reaching the mouth of the Columbia in 1805. It must be remembered, however, that trading-posts had been established by Canadian merchants from the River St. Lawrence to the Rocky Moun-

tain, and from Hudson's Bay to Peace River, and explorations extended from Lake Superior to the Arctic Ocean, when the entire region from the Missouri to the Pacific had not even heard the white man's footfall. Surely, then, one of the greatest colonies of the Empire can reasonably claim for Sir Alexander Mackenzie the honour of having made the first overland journey, north of the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific Ocean, and such men as Simon Fraser and David Thompson, whose perilous expeditions resulted in the discovery of the sources of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, as having preceded many of those now specially eulogized by American enthusiasts. John Jacob Astor's company in Oregon; the achievements of overland travellers from Utah and Nevada to California; Wyeth's tramp from Massachusetts to Oregon, certainly proved what dangers were encountered and difficulties overcome by energy, resolution and undaunted courage. On the other hand, all the western country now forming portions of the Dominion was explored by Canadians, or those trading within Canadian boundaries. Flaccid muscle never was indigenous to this soil; hence, a little self-glorification is excusable, particularly as scant recognition has been vouchsafed those early pioneers either by the Empire proper or her robust colonies. It is reasonable, then, that, amid the pomp and splendour of a commemorative Cabot revival, those who pierced the interior of America and gave practical form to what else would have been but the dream of a navigator, should not be forgotten.

Truly, there were giants in the earth in those days; a marvellous race of men faithful unto death to that which duty dictated; a galaxy of memorable characters; a group of Titans, who trembled only before the phantom—Failure. Not alone Alexander Mackenzie; long ere this time, by land and sea and river, hardy pioneers had

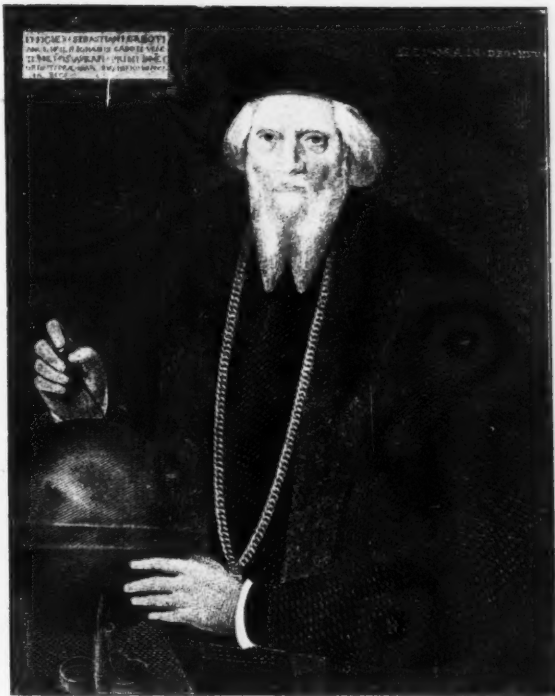
found a labour of love in the wilds of Lakes Huron, Ontario and Superior. The French pioneers under Champlain had ascended the Ottawa in 1615; Fathers Raymbault and Jogues had (1640) penetrated the north shore of Lake Superior, and reached Sault Ste. Marie. Albanel had (1671) accomplished an overland expedition from Quebec to Hudson's Bay, and Noyon visited the Lake of the Woods; La Verendrye (1731-39) had reached the Saskatchewan, and his son, Chevalier La Verendrye, had penetrated within the Rocky Mountain zone; LaSalle had pierced the interior of America to die by the hands of assassins, while the pious Friar Ribourde (1680), breviary in hand, had fallen beneath the war-clubs of savages, for whose salvation he had renounced courtly honours and preferences.

Nor should the agents of the great fur companies, notably of two, the "Hudson's Bay" and the "North-West," before the consolidation of those rival concerns in 1821, be forgotten. Only men of iron nerve and indomitable courage could have penetrated the Rocky Mountains in those early days, establishing posts at various points in British Columbia (then New Caledonia). In 1805, we find them on Macleod Lake; in 1806, on Stewart Lake; in 1807, on the Fraser, then called the Jackanut, at Fort George. They are discovered in 1808, coursing the Thompson River; in 1811, facing the dangers of the Columbia, from its northern bend at Boat Encampment to the mouth of the great stream. We find them in what is now Oregon, in Washington Territory, and far to the north, within the shadows of the Arctic Circle. Wherever trade justified their operations, these men forced a pathway to its very centre.

It was ordained, however, that Alexander Mackenzie should become the central figure of an epoch in western annals, rendering services to civilization far in advance of any interior explorer. He brought a new world into

existence ; opened a new field ; inspired a school of hardy enthusiasts ; and, ere passing to his long home, realized in a spirit of humility, yet with justifiable pride, that he had accomplished something worthy, something beneficial, something ennobling, something entitling him to the love and respect of future generations.

His is the story of a great man's triumph over obstacles seemingly insurmountable, the chronicle of events pregnant with vital consequences to the British Empire ; for to-day the Dominion of Canada exercises sovereignty over the greater part of the American continent ; two oceans are connected by links of steel, while Great Britain controls the shortest and safest route to her possessions in the East. One intrepid spirit, inspiring those whom he directed, accomplished marvellous work, achieving a splendid victory over the combined forces of Nature. Hence, to chronicle the historic journey, with all its graphic incidents ; to paint the pictures of brave men struggling to assert man's supremacy ; to describe hair-breadth escapes from flood, hand-to-hand encounters with vindictive savages, is not the design of this brief record ; suffice to know that perils were successfully encountered, difficulties grappled with and overcome. Across snow-packed, tree-strewn gorges ; over widely-gaping crevasses ; through swollen streams and cataracts, roaring above rocky beds ; through canyons, where human life had never before pulsed ; be-



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

neath crashing boulders, and along ledges seemingly suspended in mid-air ; forcing a pathway through trackless mazes of dense forests, these crusaders accomplished that which entitles them to the love, the reverence, the admiration of all generations.

One can imagine the interest awakened in the mind of Alexander Mackenzie, as Simon Frazer, fifteen years afterwards (1808), arrived at Fort George, and was advised by the Indians to turn back or perish—the very point where Mackenzie decided to retrace his steps, thus reaching the coast by a shorter route. In Senator Masson's quotations from Fraser's Journal, in "*Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*," the appalling dangers are graphically described. Narrow canyons, steep precipices contracting the roaring waters, "turbulent, noisy, and awful to behold ;"

rapids, cascades, intercepting rocks, the portaging of heavy loads, crossing ravines, passing along the declivity of mountains—all conspired to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. "Spuzzum" was reached, where now stands the Canadian Pacific Railway-station, a few miles east of Yale. Little did Simon Fraser dream, as he gazed upon the scene, that those were born who would witness the opening of a great trans-continental railway through this weird and apparently impassable country; that against the face of the rocks, 150 feet above the boisterous river, rails would be laid, and trestles brought into requisition, and the roar of the locomotive heard amid the crags and gorges and peaks of these terribly impressive wilds.

Poor Fraser, he did his work well! David Thompson, too, after whom another great river is named, should not be forgotten; for these great men, Mackenzie, Frazer, and Thompson, are one in historic importance. Thompson, in 1800, made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the coast by way of a pass supposed to be that since utilized by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Unequal to the task of fighting hordes of Indians, he returned. In 1807, however, he went in a southerly direction, entered Howe's Pass, and reached the Columbia and Kootenay Lake, the sufferings of himself and his men being described as terrible. A long line of explorers followed: Gabriel Franchère, Ross Cox, Alexander Henry, D. W. Harmon, John Macleod, Sir George Simpson, Alexander Ross, David Douglas, Robert Campbell, and hosts of others, each contributing to the volume of information. A son of John Macleod, Malcolm, at present resides in Ottawa; his father rendered great service to the country, being an intrepid explorer, and a very able man. Mr. Malcolm Macleod was an earnest advocate of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Britannicus." He is universally re-

spected, but, being reduced in circumstances, is consequently without friends. Talk about republics being ungrateful; savage or civilized, monarchical or despotic—governments, like individuals, too frequently forget to reward according to merit.

Consult any standard Encyclopædia, one may find references to, but no distinct epitome of, the career of Simon Fraser, the explorer. True, James Baillie Fraser is mentioned, a diplomatist, traveller and author, who "displayed great skill in water colours;" and Simon Fraser, Baron Lovatt, a Jacobite intriguer and "born traitor," who appears to have caused so great a stir in courtly circles that the edge of an axe was requisite to suppress his exuberant vitality. But Simon Fraser, the intrepid western explorer, is not included. Well, perhaps the name of David Thompson, another giant in the field of discovery, may be found. Not so! Sir Benjamin Thompson appears, a brilliant scholar and philanthropist, born in Massachusetts, who, when in London, devoted much time to the study of "how to cure smoking chimnies," and to the founding of an institution designed to make "vicious and abandoned people happy;" then Thomas Perronet Thompson, a political economist, and writer of a treatise on musical acoustics, forming the basis of the "Tonic Sol-fa system of music;" and poor James Thompson, who wrote the "City of Dreadful Night," and lived and died in an atmosphere of opium and alcohol; next, Sir Charles W. Thompson, a student of the biological conditions of the depths of the sea; then James Thompson, the poet, whose generous publisher allowed him three guineas for the "Seasons." These are remembered; but Simon Fraser and David Thompson, who proved how valuable heritage the Empire possessed in New Columbia, seemingly had no existence, either in the flesh or in the hearts of unappreciative countrymen.

Not until recently have the direct successors to this British portion of the New World put forth any effort to glorify the memories of those adventurous spirits. Where stands the marble bust? Where rests the storied urn, indicative of national appreciation and national gratitude? Alas! to know human nature is to lose faith in humanity! The Rocky Mountains, God's own creations, these perpetuate the fame of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, while two mighty streams, in their wild career through gorges and canyons, proclaim the deeds of heroes, but sound eternal reproaches to those who have forgotten the dead.

True, Simon Fraser was offered an imperial title, dying at St. Andrew's, Quebec, at the age of 89 years, in abject poverty, a miserable pittance of a pension being vouchsafed his relatives; David Thompson, chivalrous, loyal and self-sacrificing, unable to procure the simple necessities of life, passing from the scene at Longueuil, near Montreal, on the 18th February, 1857, at the age of 87. One turns in disgust from evidence of neglected worth, fervently praying that a day may dawn witnessing the recognition of merit while the warm flush of life pulsates in the veins, not awaiting posterity's verdict to glorify and perpetuate it by mocking eulogies on stone. Bread sustains life—marbled laudation is for departed greatness.

If monumental columns commemorative of Canadian explorers are few, a similar paucity of historic paintings is noticeable; nor can the plea be entered that native artists were incapable; the truth is, those competent to perform met with scant encourage-

ment. Some galleries contain a limited number of pictures, chief amongst which that of a swarthy gentleman, rather gaudily appressed, bearing a sword of somewhat modern design, his sea-legs evidently in prime condition, his right hand shading his eyes from perpetual sunshine, while surroundings suggest a generous assortment of early nautical appliances. This is "Columbus discovering America"; failing a gentle reminder, the



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

vast array of sanguinary natives on the distant shore, tumbling over one another in mad frenzy and excitement, might naturally create doubt whether, in reality, America was not discovering Columbus! Tomahawks and feathers have at all times possessed attractions for artistic genius; in some cases, if the Indians were half as bad as painted they must have been an exceedingly scurvy lot. However, men like Catlin in the United States, and Kane in Canada, rescued

them from the tube-emptying of amateurish destroyers and layers-on of heavy colouring, bequeathing to posterity a few of the redeeming features of those whom modern civilization, with dogmatic assurance, placed in the general category of feudal savages.

Canadians are in no respect deficient in national spirit; what they have accomplished is in evidence. As with other young communities, common-sense, perhaps, convinced them that they could not live upon scenery alone, nor expend all their strength and industry in erecting marble columns. They were aware that vast sums had been devoted to the discovery of a channel between the eastern and western coast—a passage from Europe to Asia—in seas coterminous with the Dominion. They were aware that from Viking days, until Behring perished on a lonely isle in the Straits commemorating his name, the grim probability of failure haunted each navigator. They had read of those who sailed across the Polar Sea, when Phipps, with Horatio Nelson as "Mid-dy," experienced the frigid reception vouchsafed those who ventured into latitude $80^{\circ} 37'$; later, they mourned the fate of Franklin, and gloried over the exploits of others who undertook to pierce impenetrable ice-fields. In more recent times they promoted the great overland expedition, by which the true highway to Asia, through British Territory, was established. So when, on the 7th of November, 1885, at Craigellachie, in the Eagle pass of the Rocky Mountains, Sir Donald Smith, a leading director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, drove the spike destined to tap the commerce of Cathay, no wonder that cheers, mighty cheers, went up! The North-west passage to Asia had become a reality; not altogether over oceans, but by a speedier method of transport and a splendid triumph of engineering skill. As the last ring of the hammer re-echoed through the mountains, every

Province had, indeed, perhaps unwittingly, united in perpetuating the name and fame of Cabot, Mackenzie, Frazer, and Thompson.

There is more to be done now that the clouds are rolling away, lethargic indifference disappearing before a suddenly awakened sense of national duty. Let a mighty shaft, erected on the rugged cliffs of Cape Breton, proclaim that not alone the Royal Society of Canada, but every subject of Her Majesty throughout the Dominion, be he English, French or German, appreciates the splendid heritage bequeathed by the Bristol explorer. This being accomplished, what of Alexander Mackenzie? What of Simon Fraser? What of David Thompson? Have we no Canadian artists? Have we no Canadian sentiment? We have both—each awaiting the appeal. To begin with, no more appropriate painting could be suggested than Sir Alexander Mackenzie, after a marvellous overland journey, completed on the 22nd of July, 1793, stamping the impress of his personality and the sovereignty of his country upon the coast of what is now British Columbia. True, the mountains will forever be monuments commemorative of heroes like Mackenzie, Fraser and Thompson; the cloud-capped peaks proclaim their prowess; the rushing waters sound paeans of praise; for wherever mighty Nature, asserting herself,

"Sits alone,
Majestic on her craggy throne,"

the record of these men will be found. But Canada should do justice to their memories. True to their generation, have generations been true to them? They renounced station, ease, affluence; yet, to-day, none so poor as to do them reverence; none so rich as to be willing to perpetuate throughout the ages the memory of their chivalrous achievements.

C. H. Mackintosh.



CHRISTMASTIDE.

SING me a song of the Winter time
When the blustering North winds blow,
And the forest boughs are deep with rime,
And the fields with drifting snow !
Sing me a song of the frosty air,
And the long nights white and still,
When the great stars gleam of the Northern Bear,
And the round moon rises cold and fair
O'er the crest of the tamarack hill.

Sing me a song of the Christmas time,
And the morning of blessed birth,
When the resonant bells accordant chime
Their message of joy on earth !
Sing me a song of the princely art
Of the bounteous hand benign,
That blesses unseen, unguessed, apart,
The outcast fate of some hopeless heart,
With the grace of a gift divine.

Sing me a song of the evergreen,
And the holly berries red
On the festooned wall of the festive hall,
And the mistletoe overhead !
Sing me a song of the ample cheer,
And the laughter running free,
When the heart, emboldened, forgets to fear,
Forgiving the faults of the waning year,
And blessing the one to be !

Sing me a song of the pine log's blaze,
And the home-made cakes and wine !
Of the romping game and the dance's maze,
And the eyes that sparkling shine !
Sing me a song of the crystal stream,
And the starlit sky above ;
Of the moonlit roads, and the flying team,
Of the glimmering meadows of snow adream,
And the heart adream with love !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE CABOT CELEBRATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD."

SO much has been written during the past two years on the subject of the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the landing of John Cabot upon the shores of America—or, as some term it, of the discovery of Canada—and such unanimity of sentiment displayed in regard to the propriety of fitly commemorating that event, that the few observations here submitted may seem to savour of presumption on the part of the present writer. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that large and important questions, such as are involved in the consideration of the Cabot voyages, may be examined from more than one point of view, with advantage to all those animated by a genuine love of historic research. The discussion which has already taken place upon this subject furnishes an illustration of this. In the light of friendly criticism, the more extreme pretensions of the original promoters of the celebration have been quietly abandoned, and those of less extravagant character re-stated with comparative moderation.

Before going farther, it may be well to direct attention to the original presentation of this subject.

The generally received opinion among Canadians, for which, no doubt, our school histories and guide-books are largely responsible, is that John Cabot, sailing under a commission from Henry VII., landed somewhere in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 24th June, 1497, and took possession of the whole country in the name of the King of England. On the same day he discovered Prince Edward Island, which he named the Isle of St. John, being moved thereto by the fact that the 24th June is the Festival of St. John the Baptist. In

an article entitled, "The Fourth Century of Canadian History," published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for January, 1895, Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., adopts this, which may be termed the popular view, and elaborates it with great vigour and precision. There is no doubt in his mind as to the leading facts, nor as to the profound importance and far-reaching consequences of the event.

"It was," he writes, "a circumstance of no small importance, not merely as a matter of dry historical record, but as pregnant with the course of future events, that on that 24th June, 1497, John Cabot took possession of the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the English King, and set flying the Red Cross of St. George from the headland of Cape Breton. St. John's day, June 24th, 1497, the date of Cabot's discovery, may fairly be taken as the true beginning of the history of Canada."

In the course of the same article he boldly proclaims John Cabot "the discoverer of Canada."

Mr. Howland, who certainly does not lack the courage of his convictions, subsequently embodied these views in a Bill, having for its object the incorporation of the Canadian Historical Exhibition, which he himself introduced into the Ontario Legislature. The opening lines of the preamble of this Bill, as originally drafted, read as follows:

"WHEREAS the twenty-fourth day of June, 1897, will be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Canada by the landing of John and Sebastian Cabot upon the shore of Cape Breton.—"

Lord Melbourne is said to have expressed the wish that he could be half as sure of anything as "Tom" Macau-

lay was of everything. Were that nobleman in our midst to-day, his soul would doubtless be moved to envy at the abounding confidence displayed by the draughtsman of this measure, compared with whose cocksureness even Lord Macaulay's splendid audacity falls far short.

Having regard to the eminently controversial nature of the subject, almost every point of which is enveloped in deep obscurity, the dogmatic tone of this preamble suggests nothing more forcibly than the decrees of an Ecumenical Council. One involuntarily looks for the concluding malediction which the Roman pontiff is wont to pronounce against all who "shall presume to contradict this our definition." Indeed, it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine Parliament being invited to declare that:

"If any one shall say that the 24th June, 1897, will not be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Canada let him be anathema."

"If any one shall not be ashamed to affirm that John and Sebastian Cabot did not land on the shore of Cape Breton let him be anathema."

In order to appreciate the slenderness of the data on which this pronouncement is founded, it may be well to state just what is certainly known of the event proposed to be commemorated.

At the outset it must be premised that whatever knowledge we possess of John Cabot is at second hand. We do not know whether he wrote any accounts of his voyages, or traced any maps. None have come down to us, and we are forced to depend primarily upon a few sentences in letters written by Spanish and Italian envoys at the English Court, who obtained, or who may have obtained, their information from Cabot himself. These letters, one or two historical references of even less weight, and a map purporting to be the work of Sebastian Cabot (who is now generally

admitted to have been a colossal humbug and pretender) comprise our sources of information.

It is, however, historically accepted as true that John Cabot, a naturalized Venetian of Genoese birth, long resident in England, in his ship the *Matthew of Bristol*, sailed from the port of Bristol—we do not know exactly when—bound for the new world. He bore with him a patent from Henry VII., empowering him to discover and take possession for the English Crown of all lands "which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." He discovered and landed upon some portion of the North American continent, and was back in England before the 10th of August, 1497.

"Probably no question in the history of this continent," writes Dr. S. E. Dawson, "has been the subject of so much discussion as the lives and voyages of the two Cabots. Their personal character, their nationality, the number of the voyages they made, and the extent and direction of their discoveries, have been, and still are, keenly disputed over. The share, moreover, of each in the credit due for the discoveries made is a very battle ground for historians. Some learned writers attribute everything to John Cabot; others would put him aside and award all the credit to his second son, Sebastian. The dates even of the voyages are disputed; and very learned professors of history in Portugal do not hesitate to declare that the voyages are apocryphal, the discoveries pretended, and the whole question a mystification."

Let us now proceed to examine in detail the opening recitals of the Bill above mentioned, as originally introduced, and briefly to indicate where they overstep the limits of ascertained fact.

"Whereas, the twenty-fourth day of June, 1897, will be the four hundredth anniversary—"

If John Cabot did indeed land on the 24th June, 1497, then, waiving the ten days involved in the circum-

stance that he reckoned by the Julian Calendar, this statement is indisputably correct; but the date of his landing is not absolutely free from doubt. Harrisse, Dawson, Bourinot and other writers agree in fixing it at 1497, which there are many reasons for believing to be the correct date; but, on the other hand, Tarducci and D'Avezac, both high authorities, affirm that the year was not 1497, but 1494, and in support of their contention appeal to what is commonly called the map of Sebastian Cabot, whereon the date accompanying the legend *prima tierra vista* is plainly written, both in Roman numerals and Arabic figures, 1494. Moreover, Mr. Harrisse, while accepting the year 1497, is of opinion that the landfall took place earlier in the season than the 24th June.

"of the discovery of Canada—"

This expression, as applied to any act of John Cabot, is simply a misnomer. Admitting every other statement in the Bill to be true, it is not pretended that Cabot entered the estuary of the St. Lawrence at all, and, consequently, could not have discovered Canada unless he travelled overland. In 1497 Cape Breton was in nowise a part of what throughout the succeeding centuries was known as Canada. It did not become so for 370 years thereafter, and to speak of the man who first landed on the shores of Cape Breton as having thereby discovered Canada betrays an inexactness of thought which it is not easy to parallel, even by way of illustration. Let us suppose, however, that the West Indies were some day to become united with this country, a remote, though—in view of the fact that only a few years ago negotiations were mooted looking to the incorporation of Jamaica with the Dominion—a not wholly impossible contingency. In that event, according to this Bill, Cabot would have to be taken down from his pinnacle; for by parity of reasoning, Columbus, and not he,

would then be the discoverer of Canada.

"by the landing of John and Sebastian Cabot—"

There is no documentary proof and, consequently, no certainty that Sebastian Cabot accompanied his father on the first voyage, although it has always been taken for granted that he did. Harrisse, who discusses the point, says the only circumstance which may be cited as bearing thereon goes to show that he did not. Opinions, probably, will differ as to the value of Harrisse's inference; but, be this as it may, the statement admits of argument, and, therefore, should not be postulated in an Act of the Legislature.

"upon the shore of Cape Breton."

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Harrisse was not aware of this forthcoming statutory pronouncement before writing his exhaustive volume of 500 pages on the Cabot voyages, which has recently appeared. In that monument of industry and research Mr. Harrisse is largely occupied with the determination of this vexed question. He examines the subject from every possible point of view, and finally decides that the vicinity of Cape Chidley, at the entrance of Hudson Straits, is the spot he is seeking. There, hundreds of miles from Cape Breton, far up on the Labrador coast, in his opinion, did John Cabot first touch the soil of America.

Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland, too, is equally unlucky. In his history of Newfoundland he re-affirms the position previously taken by him, that Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland marks Cabot's landfall. It is true he does not give any reasons worth mentioning for his belief, but he is none the less positive on that account.

More fortunate than either of the above-named gentlemen is Dr. Samuel Edward Dawson, one of the best authorities upon the dawn of civilization on this continent. Dr. Dawson has re-

cently written two interesting papers upon the voyages of the Cabots, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the patience, thoroughness, and fairness displayed by him in his treatment of the obscure and perplexing problems which he seeks to solve. Possessed of a practical acquaintance with the North American seaboard, which Mr. Harrissey evidently lacks, he has thereby been able successfully to impugn more than one of that author's deductions; and while, in consequence of the paucity of data at their command, both writers are sometimes compelled to draw conclusions *par les cheveux*, there can be little doubt that if Dr. Dawson has not absolutely succeeded in proving his theory that the landfall was on Cape Breton, he has at least demonstrated the high improbability of its having been on Labrador.

These few references to the current literature upon the subject suffice to show that every statement in the opening lines of the preamble under review is either contrary to fact or admittedly the subject of controversy. Its unwarranted dogmatism was so palpably at variance with historic accuracy that it had scarcely seen the light of day ere it was promptly remodelled and issued from committee, shorn, at any rate, of its more amusing features. The Act, however, as it stands on the Statute Book of Ontario, discloses that the process of excision was untimely stayed; witness, for example, the statement that important benefits to this country and to civilization have followed from the discovery of the Cabots. This is but a qualified and guarded statement of what is more openly expressed elsewhere, and what, indeed, gives the key-note to the proposed celebration, namely, that we Canadians owe our British connection, and all its consequent advantages, to the fact of John and Sebastian Cabot having landed on the shore of North America.

Dr. Moses Harvey, a well-known

historical writer of Newfoundland, in a letter to Dr. Bourinot, puts this idea very clearly:

"In virtue of Cabot's discoveries, England established her claims to the sovereignty of a large portion of these northern lands. The fish wealth of these northern seas, which Cabot was the first to make known, speedily attracted fishermen; and for the protection and development of the fisheries colonies were first planted. Other nations, such as France, profited by the great discovery. That North America is now so largely occupied by an English-speaking population, with all their vast energies and accumulated wealth, has been largely owing to the daring genius of Cabot, who opened a pathway to the northern portion of the new hemisphere. But for Cabot, Spain might have monopolized discovery in North as well as South America; English and French enterprise might have taken different directions, and the history of North America been shaped in different fashion.

"The genius and courage of Cabot were second only to those of Columbus. He, too, pushed out in a little barque into the unknown waters of one of the stormiest seas in the world, braving its perils, and opened the way to new and boundless regions of natural wealth. Cartier, Marquette, La Salle, followed as explorers. "The Old Dominion," founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, was the first of that cluster of colonies which finally developed into the United States. Quebec was founded, and the occupation of Canada commenced. All this was the outcome of Cabot's voyage in 1497. As truly as Columbus pioneered the way in the south did Cabot open the way to a far nobler civilization in the north, the developments of which continue to expand before our eyes to-day. As Fiske has well remarked in his "Discovery of America": "The first fateful note that heralded the coming English supremacy was sounded when John Cabot's tiny craft sailed out from Bristol Channel, on a bright May morning of 1497."

Ex uno disce omnes. Now, beyond the fact that there was sequence and succession in point of time between the

Cabot voyage and, let us say, the founding of Quebec, as there must always be between events that are not simultaneous, it is difficult to see what connection there exists between Cabot and Champlain, or how England established her claims to North America by virtue of Cabot's discovery. It is not even by any means certain that Cabot was the first European to reach the shores of North America. Parkman, no mean authority, says of the Basques that there is some reason to believe that their cod fishery on the banks of Newfoundland existed before the days of Cabot; and Bourinot, in his interesting monograph on Cape Breton, expresses the opinion that both Basques and Bretons "anchored their clumsy vessels in the bays and harbours" of that island before 1497.

As to the claim set up on behalf of England's sovereignty over North America by reason of Cabot's discovery, nothing more shadowy and unsubstantial could well be imagined. In the first place, it is not pretended that either John Cabot or his son did more than take formal possession of the country. There was no attempt at settlement or occupation. Yet, according to the well understood principles of international law, occupation is essential to the establishment of a title of discovery. Sir R. Phillimore says upon this point (*Commentaries upon International Law Ed., 1879. Vol. 1, p. 333*):

"Indeed, writers on International Law agree that Use and Settlement, or, in other words, *continuous use*, are indispensable elements of occupation properly so called. The mere erection of crosses, landmarks, and inscriptions is ineffectual for acquiring or maintaining an exclusive title to a country of which no real use is made."

Two hundred years after Cabot, Dongan, Governor of New York, thus ridiculed the French claims to the Iroquois country, based on discovery:

"Pardon me if I say it is a mistake,

except you will affirm that a few loose fellows rambling amongst Indians to keep themselves from starving gives the French a right to the Country." And of the claim based on geographical divisions: "Your reason is that some rivers or rivoletts of this country run out into the great river of Canada. O, just God! what new, farr-fetched, and unheard-of pretence is this for a title to a country. The French King may have as good a pretence to all those Countrys that drink clarett and brandy."

If the English Governor thus scoffed at claims which Parkman holds were clearly well founded, where can we suppose he would have found sarcasm with which to express his opinion of the validity of pretensions based on a discovery such as Cabot's? Then, again: assuming the scanty information concerning the ceremony which we possess at second hand to be absolutely true, so little did John Cabot dream of enriching the Crown of England with exclusive dominion, *i. e.*, sovereignty over his "new founde isle," that side by side with the banner of St. George he planted the lion of St. Mark, in order that equal rights might accrue to Venice with England; and so little importance did Henry VII. attach to the discovery, that he considered Cabot's services requited by the munificent gift of £10 from the privy purse.

The sixteenth century ushered in a period of great maritime activity. Within seven years from the date of Cabot's first voyage, French fishermen were plying their calling in numbers upon the coast of Newfoundland. Eight years later two adventurous Frenchmen, Denys of Honfleur and Aubert of Dieppe, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The succeeding decade witnessed the ill-starred venture of Baron de Lery, who was followed by Cartier, Roberval and LaRoche, all of whom essayed to plant colonies under the French flag. Their efforts, though unsuccessful as regards their immediate object, served, nevertheless,

to preserve the continuity of national purpose, until, under the patient care of Samuel de Champlain, the seed at length took root.

During all this time England gave no indication that she viewed these attempts on the part of France as any interference with her interests. Is it probable that Henry VIII or his masculine daughter would have quietly submitted to such infringement of their rights if they felt they possessed any? Is it not more reasonable to infer from England's silence that Cabot's expedition was regarded as possessing no national significance whatever; that it was a mere fact without effect which, when over, straightway ceased to be?

A hundred years passed away, and at length the English spirit of adventure, which had long lain dormant, awoke. Inspired by the wonderful tales which came from across the sea, her subjects began to follow in the wake of their more enterprising neighbours, and to press upon the French settlements in the new world.

In the early years of the seventeenth century France held Canada and Acadia by the right of original occupation and settlement, uncontested from the beginning. At a somewhat later period we find England occupying, by a similar tenure, what is to-day known as the Eastern United States. As was inevitable, the traditional enmities between these hereditary foes broke out in the New World. Each disputed the other's claim. They fought, and England won; but candour compels us to admit that she owes her victory less to the strength of her arguments than to her power of enforcing them. The claim to Acadia based on Cabot's discovery, then heard for the first time, seems to have been nothing more than a convenient pretext for extending to the New World that old-time feud between France and England, to which their contests in North America were generally incidental and subordinate.

Now that it has long served the purpose for which it was invoked, there does not seem to be any good reason for attempting to invest it with the attributes of reality. The underlying motive for doing so is no doubt a laudable desire to exalt the English name. But surely Englishmen, of all people, need not to draw upon their imaginations or wander off into the cloudland of tradition for legitimate causes of pride. What can be at once more true and more gratifying to the national sentiment than to say openly that England's title to Canada is by the sword? Why should we vainly strive to pierce the gloom which shrouds the name of Cabot, when we can point to Wolfe, or, rather, to that long doubtful conflict which, beginning with the seizure of Quebec in 1629, was destined, a hundred and thirty years later, to close in triumph on the Heights of Abraham?

Dr. Dawson, in his latest paper upon the Cabots, naively expresses his surprise at the "singular misconception which has arisen in the minds of some of our French fellow-countrymen" as to the scope and purpose of this celebration. He disavows any intention in honouring Cabot of derogating aught from Cartier's fame. As far as Dr. Dawson personally is concerned, there can be no doubt of this. At the same time, in view of Mr. Howland's article; of the Bill submitted to the Legislature of Ontario, and to the Parliament of Canada; and of the many recorded expressions of English opinion, the French-Canadians may well be pardoned for offering a word of protest. Why, Dr. Dawson himself is so carried away by his patriotic impulses, as to speak of the fragmentary evidences which we possess at second-hand of Cabot's voyages as "our title deeds to this continent!" If the word "our" be not employed here in the national, *i.e.*, British, sense, this expression has no application, and if it is so employed, what becomes of Cartier and Champlain?

The writer of these lines yields to no man in his attachment to England, and in his appreciation of any movement tending to emphasize and strengthen Canada's association with the Mother-land. To one so constituted it would, no doubt, be gratifying to believe that, first of white men, John Cabot circumnavigated the Gulf of St. Lawrence, ascended our great river, established his dwelling-place at Quebec, and surveyed the gleaming Ottawa from the summit of Mount Royal. Truth, however, compels us to acknowledge that the man who did these things was not English, or rather Italian, but French. He was not named Cabot, but Cartier. We know all about him. There is no question as to the main features of his discoveries. We can trace his adventurous course day by day along our coasts, many points of which retain to this hour the names which he bestowed.

That John Cabot was a brave and skilful navigator we may well believe. That he was the first European of whom we have certain knowledge to touch the coast of North America is undoubted. We would fain know more about him—why he did so much and no more—just where he landed—how long he remained—whether he made any attempt at colonization—and why his enterprise came to naught. Unhappily, all this is oblivion. Viewed, nevertheless, simply as an isolated fact, Cabot's discovery is unquestionably a highly interesting historical achievement. The proposal to mark the four hundredth anniversary of its accomplishment is both opportune and fitting. At the same time, those charged with the celebration would do well to bear in mind that it adds to no man's dignity to ascribe to him unjust and unfounded pretensions.

Joseph Pope.

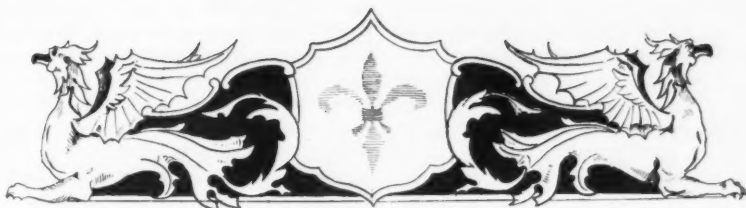


MILADY.

Lips, as cool as mountain dew ;
Looks, as soft as summer's moon ;
Breath, like rose-scent filtered through
The flowering bow'rs of June.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

NEW YORK.



SUNDAY REST A CIVIL RIGHT.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

THE Sabbath observance question is not exclusively a religious one. While the blessing of Sabbath observance rests upon divine appointment, and the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," enjoins a religious duty, the rest-day enjoyed at the intervals provided by the fourth commandment is in keeping with the requirements of nature; and the respective periods assigned for labour and for rest are exactly in accordance with the needs of man.

Civil enactments protect the life of the citizen and provide the punishment for the crime of murder, and for unlawful attempts upon life. The same authority protects the citizen in his rights of property; provides the punishment for robbery, theft, swindling and fraud; shields the citizen from the attempt to deprive him of life, liberty, or possessions through falsehood and perjury; punishes the false witness; throws the shield of its protection around the innocent and unsuspecting, and punishes the ravisher and the seducer. All of these provisions for securing to the citizen life, liberty, security and good government, are provisions for securing civil rights. None of these enactments can be characterized as an interference with the rights of conscience, as mere portions or appurtenances of a creed, or as enactments of a religious character, and only binding upon Chris-

tians; and yet each one of the list derives its authority from the will of the Creator, as revealed to man through the medium of his commands contained in the decalogue.

Man is doomed to labour, or rather labour is a condition of man's existence. In the far-away ages, when the morning of his existence had barely dawned, came the words from a Law-giver whose authority could not be questioned, and whose laws could not be repealed: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This sentence was mitigated and its burden lightened by the beneficent command to abstain from labour on the seventh day. This rest-day thus provided is the toiler's heritage. Moreover, its privilege is no mere religious observance. On the contrary, its enjoyment is in the highest sense a human, a civil right. It is a physical boon; it is a mental boon; and to the toiler its loss is a calamity measureless and dire. The individual, the corporation, or the community that forces Sunday labour upon the bread-earner is the foe of humanity.

The centuries are rich with the accumulating fruits of progress, all acquired by the labour of man. Empires have risen and fallen. Men have laboured as slaves under the lash, as ignorant vassals, and as freemen conscious of labour's rights and dignity. But whether slave or free, the achieve-

ment of labour's hosts have continued to grow in importance, and have reached up to the full development of modern civilization and progress. Vast strides have been made in the development of the industrial arts and in bringing earth's wastes under cultivation. The railway and the steamship have superseded the primitive modes of communication. Nations separated by wide distances are now neighbours and have intimate relations. Man's material condition has greatly improved, and the fruits of his labours are abundant beyond any previous period. He has now reached a stage of development and has accomplished material results that present a startling contrast to his early condition. But he has not outlived his dependence upon the commands of his Creator. The same old decalogue is the law to restrain and govern, and is, at the same time, the venerable Magna Charta of his liberties. Its provisions can only be disregarded at his ruinous cost. The observance of the weekly rest-day still confers the most important social, sanitary, intellectual and religious privileges; and, amid the intensity of action and the high pressure of our generation, it is more essential to his welfare than at any previous period.

Sunday observance legislation may rest upon purely civil grounds and will find in this a sufficient foundation, even if divine obligation and religious requirement is ignored. The proper aim of human enactment is to secure justice and promote the public welfare. It cannot properly trample upon human rights, reduce to a condition of slavery, or deny protection to the humble and the oppressed. A law that is calculated to confer upon the people great physical, material and social blessings needs no defence. Such a law may utterly ignore all recognition of religious duty, and may simply require the observance of the Sunday rest-day so far as abstaining from labour and unseemly recreations and actions are concerned, because

such observance is held to promote the public good. The results following the enforcement of such a law would clearly justify its enactment from the purely civil standpoint only. Among these results would be found the protection of the toiler in the enjoyment of a right essential to his highest intellectual and physical interests; protection from the conscienceless greed of the classes who pocket the dividends swelled by the Sunday toil of the white slaves, whose natural rights and religious scruples are ruthlessly trampled in the dust in the scramble of the money-grabber and the pleasure-seeker; the legal establishment of the best of all sanitary arrangements resulting in the more efficient promotion of public health, cleanliness and self-respect; greatly increased opportunity for securing the benefits of the higher education furnished by Church and Sabbath school; the resulting increase of Christian homes which are the graduating schools of good citizens and the bulwark of the State; the promotion of temperance and the spirit of obedience to the law, as well as of good morals and social purity; and the securing to the toiler the rights of conscience and religious liberty.

The State cannot with propriety be indifferent to the operation of all influences, religious or otherwise, that tell upon the moral and physical condition of the citizen, and the prohibition of obscene books and prints. The suppression of obscene plays, the enforcement of quarantine regulations, the destruction of infected clothing, the isolation of persons smitten with infectious disease, and the destruction of infected herds and flocks are in line with, and justifiable upon, the same grounds as would be provisions for securing Sunday rest, because of the moral and physical blessings which result.

From the economic standpoint Sunday labour is worse than unnecessary. The most serious economic problem of

the day is to provide a remedy for the business disturbances arising from over-production. Sunday labour simply tends to intensify this evil. In the near future, it is not improbable that shortening the hours of labour will be one of the remedies applied. Cessation of Sunday labour is one of the most obvious of the remedies for over-production. Sunday labour is never in the interest of the working-man. Under present conditions of production it means seven days' work for six days' pay; nay, worse, it means that seven days' labour will bring the weekly wage below the figure that would be given if the Sunday rest were strictly adhered to.

Railway corporations are the most remorseless offenders against the rights of labour. To remedy the evil so far as the railways are concerned concurrent action is necessary, and individual action can only be applied with difficulty, and to a limited extent. An adequate remedy for existing evils can be provided only by the intervention of civil authority. Intelligent railway employees are not in favour of Sunday labour. The responsibility for the evil comes home to the gentlemen who pocket the dividends. Three-quarters of the Sunday work upon railways could be dispensed with without injury to public interests. Pressure of business is no excuse. This reason could be made to justify almost any desecration of the Sabbath by labour. The provision of more rolling stock and the employment of more men is the simple and sufficient remedy. The higher moral tone and the increased efficiency and alertness among railway employees that would result from Sunday rest and its natural influences, would of itself largely make good the apparent diminution of transportation capacity resulting from the discontinuance of Sunday labour. To protect the labourer, and especially the railway labourer, in the right to Sunday rest, stringent legislation is required. Against such legis-

lation it is objected that it is religious lawmaking, that it interferes with the liberty of the individual, and that if a man wants to work on Sunday no law should prevent his doing so. Sunday rest legislation cannot properly interfere with religious convictions, or the reverse, and cannot properly prescribe religious observances and usages. It can, however, with propriety secure to the toiler the right to enjoy religious privileges, and to follow the dictates of his conscience.

Blackstone has said of Sabbath observance: "It is of admirable service to the State, considered merely as a civil institution." Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, when Chief Justice of California, said, when pronouncing judgment in an appeal against a Sunday observance law: "The legislature has the right to make laws for preservation of health and the promotion of good morals; and so to require periodical cessation from labour, if of opinion it would tend to both."

If legal enactment is necessary to enable the toiler to wash off the grime and stain of toil; to put off the greasy blouse and overall, and unclean attire, a respectable and self-respecting citizen, to spend Sunday with his wife and family, and with them to attend church and Sunday-school, if he desires, are not the highest interests of himself, of his family, and of the State thereby promoted; and does not such a law secure for him and for his the exercise of a civil right in the highest sense?

The artisan, employee, or labourer who believes that Sunday labour is a degradation, and who desires to secure the blessing of Sunday rest, should remember that to fasten upon others a bondage from which any portion of the great fraternity of toilers seeks to escape is treason to the cause, and tends powerfully to secure the success of the attempt to break down all opposition to Sunday labour. He shall scorn to ask for, or participate in, any

enjoyment or holiday that dooms a fellow-labourer to loss of his Sunday rest and privileges. Only works of necessity and mercy should be permitted. No requirement beyond that limitation should be made. The rights of labour to Sunday rest can be secured only by the united action of those interested in securing that right. If the holiday-seeking labourer requires the services of the excursion trainmen, or of the street-car conductor, motor-men and power-house staff, he has surrendered the principle of Sunday rest requirements, and has aided to set in motion the influences that will sooner or later, perhaps, end in the loss of his own liberties.

The agitation for street railway service on Sunday, if successful, will lead to calamitous results. The quiet of the Sabbath will be surrendered, continuous labour will be forced upon unwilling men. Excursions and junketings will shock the sense of propriety of the religious, and will draw into the vortex of temptation, and scorn of religious and moral restraint, the class over whom it is most important that such restraints should be placed. The attendance upon Church and Sunday school will be diminished, and a long stride will have been made towards the complete secularization of the day. The Sabbath quiet of Toronto, of Ottawa, and of most other Canadian cities, reminds us of the Sabbath of our fathers. In most of the cities of the United States no such object lesson is furnished. It is said that American tourists sneer at our puritanical regard for the rest-day, and that American hotel patronage is repelled because facilities are not furnished for Sunday jaunts and pleasure-seeking. If such is the case, let those who are lovers of pleasure and Sabbath desecration rather than lovers of God, moral order, and salutary regulations, betake themselves to the land of Sunday newspapers and Sunday street-cars.

Europe has tried Sunday labour and

lax Sunday regulations, and is now becoming alive to the importance of Sunday rest. There the Sunday rest cause is making rapid progress. In connection with the World's Fair at Paris, in 1889, an International Congress of Weekly Rest was held under the authorization of the French Government, September 21st to 27th. This Congress passed resolutions recommending the securing of Sunday rest for labourers by legislative enactment. In 1890 the International Labour Congress was convened by the Emperor William II. at Berlin, March 15th to 30th. This Congress also passed resolutions in favour of Sunday rest, and of legislative action for securing the same. In each of these cases the action taken was entirely independent of religious considerations, and Sunday rest was treated by both of these bodies as a question pertaining entirely to civil jurisdiction. Legislative enactments in the line of these resolutions have been made by nearly all the States of Continental Europe.

Whatever influences are in the future to elevate humanity, whatever forces are to work in the direction of producing a purer and nobler civilization, must not only reach the masses, but must act specially and powerfully upon them. The environment, the privileges and the purposes of the powerful, and the rich, is a matter of minor importance. The masses now possess intelligence and constantly increasing educational advantages. No longer is it true that their opinions and their desires are of small importance. The days of serfdom and vassalage are past. The artisan and the toiler now have votes, and each one as a factor in the affairs of the State is equal in political consequence to the man of higher social position. The future of civilization depends in a large measure upon the great class who must fight the battles of the nation in time of war, and develop its resources in time of peace; who

must till its fields, gather its harvests, dig its minerals, run its spindles and forges, build its shops, and create its wealth. In working out the problem of the world's future, if a satisfactory solution is reached, Sunday rest with its attendant blessings must bear a conspicuous part. Without it the most elevating mental and moral influences will be lost to the masses. Without it the forces of Christianity, which have given modern civilization every characteristic of the superiority it possesses over the brutal and polluted forms of

heathen civilization, will become nerveless and atrophied.

The enjoyment of Sunday rest, then, I assert, is a civil right the possession of which is pregnant with social, moral, material, and intellectual consequences that commend it to the State as a necessary and proper subject for the exercise of legislative functions; and to the citizen as a privilege of priceless importance which the mandate of the civil law should secure to all.

John Charlton.

"WHEN THE GOLDEN BOWL BE BROKEN."

THE Angel of Life leaned over the verge,
Where the seven golden bars
Round the lonely rampart of heaven ran,
Like a glimmering chain of stars.

The plumes of her folded wings were soft
As the breast of a brooding dove;
Yet the sky-like depths of her dreaming eyes
Were softer still with love.

And like a husbandman, who lends
His grain to the humid loam,
She flung a million souls from heaven,
And brought a million home.

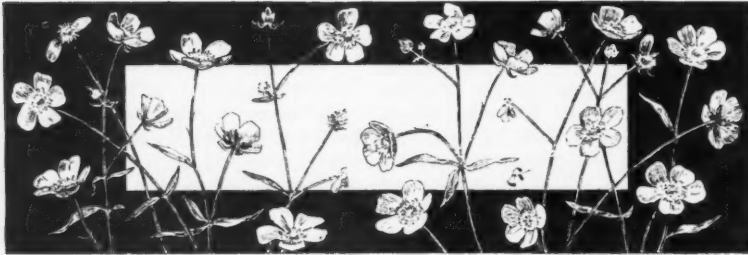
Strange charioteer, she held the reins
Of the worlds within her hand;
While the hour-glass, at her girdle hung,
Ran centuries for sand.

But, one by one, each one of her worlds
Sank down to a wavering spark;
And rein by rein she let them loose,
And they vanished down the dark.

She leaned far out from the golden bar;
And the sand in the glass ran low;
And the asphodel from her bosom fell;
And she let the last world go.

And she, like a sorrowing harvester,
Who has garnered all his grain,
On the lonely rampart of heaven turned
From the twilight, home again.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.



CANADA AND THE VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT.

BY GEORGE TATE BLACKSTOCK, Q.C.

THAT the terms upon which it is announced the Venezuelan controversy is to be settled should provoke a stirring pæan of applause in the United States is quite natural; that they should be received in England with placid acquiescence is not surprising to anybody who contemplates the habitual ignorance and indifference which Englishmen generally display in dealing with the American section of the Empire; but that these terms should fail to arouse the indignation of and compel a protest from every Canadian seems incredible. We have in our international dealings with the United States taken many blows, and received many injuries, chiefly through a culpable and astounding lack of address and attention to our interests upon the part of the Home Government. Most of us had hoped that this state of affairs had passed away forever, and thought we discovered in the association of Canadian statesmen with English diplomats in our international tribunals, and in various other circumstances, signs and omens of a brighter day. But I venture to think that the sum total of all our misfortunes can scarcely equal the injury done to us by the Venezuelan settlement, and that, too, whether one regards it from a material or sentimental standpoint.

A more humiliating convention England has scarcely ever entered into. A moment's reflection ought to convince anyone that there is every ground for the United States to indulge in the coaxation and frog-galliards to which we shall now be treated by our neighbours to the south. One would think, to hear some of the sighs of relief which reach us from England, that if we have not made a very advantageous bargain, at least we have done our best in very difficult circumstances. But that is absolutely at variance with the facts.

The British Empire and the Republic of Venezuela are neighbours in South America, and had what we would call in this country a "line-fence" dispute. Venezuela for many years vainly endeavoured to induce her antagonist to submit this dispute to arbitration, which the latter as persistently declined to do. Then the United States intervened in what is called "a friendly way," and endeavoured to secure for Venezuela what she had failed to secure for herself; but again Great Britain refused to arbitrate, except with certain limitations, to which Venezuela declined to agree. Up to this point, therefore, the worst phase of the situation for England was, that she should arbitrate about a piece of disputed territory with a

weak, poverty-stricken, ill-conditioned Spanish-American Republic, which ought to be no match for her in the preparation and presentation of her case and the general management of the business in hand, and whose victory, if England was worsted, involved no very great loss of property or prestige.

But England's refusal to arbitrate induced the United States to make the quarrel her own, and, in order to get a *locus standi*, to promulgate with ostentatious effrontery the theretofore nebulous Monroe doctrine, which had never, thus far, been formally recognized or incorporated into the code of international law. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole situation was changed, and became fraught with the most serious import to Great Britain. She was now in a situation where she had to choose between immensely adding to her prestige and authority over the civilized world, by withstanding with calm strength and dignity the preposterous claims of the United States on the one hand, and, on the other, of cutting the very disreputable figure of yielding to the menace and power of the United States that which she had refused to the supplication and weakness of Venezuela. The issue was clear and unmistakable. To turn a deaf ear for a quarter of a century to the entreaties of Venezuela, because she was too weak to forcibly oppose us, and then, in deference to the threats of the United States, to turn right-about-face and grant practically all that Venezuela had ever asked, was to proclaim England to the world as a swaggering bully. On the other hand, to tell the United States to mind her own business, to stand confidently upon the indisputable ground that Great Britain is as much an American power as the United States, that the latter is not entitled to any predominating influence in the Western Hemisphere, and that she cannot be permitted to interfere with impun-

ity in the quarrels of Great Britain with other nations, was to take up a position at once sanctioned by right and justice, and, if maintained, sure to secure to England, not only substantial advantages in her trade relations with South America, but infinite glory and honour, and a large augmentation of national credit and prestige. That Lord Salisbury clearly saw the path of interest and of honour then is just as certain as that he has chosen the course of national infamy and disaster now.

The settlement just made, viewed in its narrow, immediate import, gives to Venezuela all that she ever asked, viz., a general arbitration as to the whole territory in dispute. I count as of practically no importance the limitation granting a title by prescription to districts of which the English have been in "open, notorious, and exclusive possession of for fifty years," and I venture to predict it will play a very insignificant part in the ultimate determination of the cause. Lord Salisbury announced at the Mansion House, with charming innocence, that this suggestion came from the United States—*Timeo Danaos dona ferentes*. It was too obviously furnished by Mr. Olney, as a soft spot for the English Premier to fall upon, to deceive anybody but an Englishman dealing with America.

Then, too, Venezuela gains immensely in the change of parties to the record which makes the United States the antagonist of Great Britain in the court of arbitration. Not only does this insure to Venezuela the presentation of her cause in a manner consistent with the resources and position of the United States, in a more forceful and exhaustive way than Venezuela herself could manage, but, what is of much more consequence, it brings to bear upon the tribunal itself, in favour of Venezuela, all the influence and authority of the United States, flushed with the advantage of having drawn first blood in the fight, in comparison

with which the influence of Venezuela herself would be as nothing.

I do not dwell upon these aspects of the matter which concern almost exclusively Venezuela and British Guiana. It is when one passes from these to larger considerations that one sees at once that the United States emerges from the controversy with everything gained, while England is certainly ignominiously defeated and humiliated. If we leave out of sight the general treaty arrangement, which is not at all necessarily involved in the settlement of the Venezuela business, and which time will prove is of no advantage to England, the United States has every reason to indulge in the wildest outbursts of enthusiasm. Not only is the Monroe doctrine firmly established and inscribed in the international code, but in a form so amplified and extended as to make the influence of the United States absolutely paramount upon this continent, and to make her the arbiter of the fortunes and destinies of every South American state. The far-reaching consequences of this state of affairs will very soon make themselves apparent. Trade follows the flag, and if you deliberately modify, if not annihilate, your own influence and prestige in South America, and at the same time solemnly acknowledge that the United States is to be the paramount authority and absolute master of the situation, you will very soon find that the nations of the southern half of this hemisphere will find it to their advantage to buy their wares of, and do their business with, that country which can make or mar their fortunes. The position of the United States in the matter of controlling South American trade, which has long been the eager pursuit of her statesmen, is almost impregnable. We have delivered the prey to our enemy, and that without rhyme or reason, much less any equivalent.

This is serious enough for Englishmen, whose interests in South America

are still immense; it will be much more serious for Canada a quarter of a century hence. Depend upon it, South America, when this country has a population of 15,000,000, as it will have in another 25 years, would be one of our most natural and productive markets, particularly for lumber, timber, and certain classes of manufactured goods. To nurse and preserve that market should be one of our strongest and most persistent aims; but we know that its productiveness to us will be largely destroyed if the influence of the United States can compass it.

Besides this consideration, English statesmen ought to reflect a little upon the feelings of Britons in America. If England is not really able to stand up against the United States, if the State letters of English statesmen, such as Lord Salisbury's early letters to Secretary Olney, which inflamed us with pride and enthusiasm, are, in reality, as Americans allege, only so much bounce and bluster which have only to be met with courage and firmness to make England yield, then is the position of the American Briton a sorry one indeed, and almost intolerable. It is all very well for Englishmen at home to concentrate their attention upon European politics and to be always ready to make every concession to the United States, so as to leave them free to watch the game of European intrigue with undistracted attention, but they ought to give at least a passing thought to the daily, if not hourly, humiliation to which this course of weakness and pusillanimity exposes us.

Our sympathy is in an especial degree due to our fellow-subjects in British Guiana. They, in common with ourselves, have been engaged in a high endeavour to consolidate the interests of the Empire and uphold the honour of the flag upon this continent, and to-day they find themselves surrounded by a lot of Spanish-American pups who bark and snarl

and scratch and bite from under the protecting legs and jowl of the bulldog at Washington, to whom the British lion has formally abandoned the field. It requires no aid of the imagination to perceive that the natural effect of England's backdown, and of her assent to the extravagant pretensions and astounding doctrines of the United States, must be to greatly elevate the horn and stiffen the back of the Spanish-American communities, and to correspondingly depress the courage, spirit and energy of our fellow-subjects in those regions. Our enemies in those quarters know that from this time forth they may hector and badger their British neighbours with impunity, and that if the worm at last turns in sheer desperation, they have only to bring him before the proposed arbitration tribunal, where there is no claim too extravagant for the United States to champion, no proceeding too high-handed for her to defend, while, on the other hand, there is scarcely any imposition or indignity which England will not in the end condone. Such a position is absolutely intolerable.

We are face to face with the gravest crisis for many a day in American colonial history. There is a dignity and self-respect which pertain to individuals in their private relations with one another, without the maintenance of which life is not worth the living; there is also a dignity and self-respect which pertain to those same individuals, as members of one political community, in their dealings with citizens of other States which is just as necessary to an honourable life. It is one thing to have endured with placid equanimity, as we have done all our political lives, the inflated vapourings and boisterous swagger of the people of the United States, so long as we rested confident in the feeling that when the hour for action came England would vindicate our honour and superiority, and her own; it is quite another thing to endure all this

when the Mother Country has, in effect, under her hand and seal, admitted our inferiority. It is a question of national life and honour. Constant and reiterated humiliation must leave its effects upon the character of our people, and we must either maintain our *amour propre*, or find our spirits droop and sicken in this choke-damp of national dishonour. If the arrangement with the United States is sanctioned by parliament, the most serious blow will be struck at the maintenance of British institutions upon this continent. To-day a certain percentage of our youth annually find their way to the United States, seduced not more by the smiles of fortune than by the charm of escaping from what they feel to be the equivocal status of colonists, but how much more difficult will it be, hereafter, to restrain this exodus, when England has herself given this whimsical chimera the air of reality!

The truth is that if Lord Salisbury had set out with the avowed object of elevating the fortunes and status of the United States, and depressing our own, he could scarcely have succeeded better. No one will accuse the noble marquis of any indifference to the interests or honour of his country in its foreign relations. The whole difficulty arises from that fatal inability of Englishmen to form a true estimate of American character and aims. They will persist in believing that the United States fully reciprocates their idyllic and altruistic aspirations for the harmony and union of the two peoples, and that she desires the prosperity and happiness of the British Empire as heartily as Englishmen wish these for her. No more profound error can be indulged. It cannot be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, until it passes into the currency of a maxim that England has no such deadly, jealous and persistent foe as the United States. It ought not to be so; it may not always be so; but it absolutely is so.

So, also, Englishmen utterly fail to realize that social, political and economic conditions have conspired to induce American statesmen to forego the insular and domestic traditions of the past, and to look forward to a vigorous foreign policy, to territorial aggrandizement, and generally to playing a larger and more conspicuous part among the nations. Everyone in this continent who is familiar with the sentiments of American public men, and the trend of current discussion and opinion in that country, knows the truth of what I assert. In part consciousness, that they are a very insignificant factor in the world's politics; in part, that desire for expansion which is common to all virile and vigorous communities; and, in part, the efforts to divert attention from difficulties at home, by creating interests abroad, have produced this state of affairs, and no one is competent to conduct our international controversies who is unaware of it, or fails to keep it steadily in view. English statesmen are constantly endeavouring to conciliate the United States by concessions of one kind or another. It is a policy of weakness which is fast approaching the confines of poltroonery, and in which a small demand conceded to-day is followed by a more audacious one proffered to-morrow.

The consent to submit to arbitration the impudent assertion that the Behring Sea is *mare clausum*, and to subject our sealers to a set of regulations which practically leaves the sealing industry in the hands of Americans was a fitting prelude to the still more preposterous claim that Great Britain cannot deal with a boundary dispute upon this continent, except in the manner prescribed by the United States. That country is the horse-leech's daughter crying, "Give give, give!" and the more you yield to her, the more you may. This continual nauseating deference to the demands of the United States is all the more

to be deplored by those who appreciate the fact, which is undoubted, that if those demands were refused with courageous and persistent firmness, she would not persevere in them. It is the knowledge that England will go almost any length to appease her which is the most prolific source of all these difficulties; and it will be found that our subscription to the all-embracing Monroe doctrine, accompanied by the erection of a tribunal to try questions which arise, will result in the immediate multiplication of difficulties for England upon this continent. South American nations will constantly be seizing upon one pretext or another for asking the United States to intervene between them and England, which she will be only too ready to do in order to prove her power and extend her influence and trade.

So, also, we shall find that another result will be the further augmentation of the navy of the United States, which will make her still more defiant and unreasonable. Heretofore, every time she has been confronted with the possibility of a foreign war, the weakness of her navy has made her pause; but once that navy has been increased to respectable proportions, you may look for her going about the world with a chip on her shoulder, and we may also be certain that not on this continent alone, but in every quarter of the world where the Stars and Stripes are carried, their influence will always be found in the scale of England's enemies.

The carrying trade of Great Britain, which has long been the envy of Americans, and to curtail which they are putting forth superhuman efforts, must inevitably suffer. It is easy to see that the great extension of the influence and prestige of the United States must inevitably produce this result.

View it in any light we may, we Canadians cannot regard the events now passing otherwise than with

the gravest alarm. Up to the present time there have been upon this continent two great powers, the United States and Great Britain. In the struggle for prosperity and success, for the extension and development of empire and influence, there has been a fair field and no favour, except such advantages as Nature or Fortune has conferred upon one or the other. But now at a most important crisis in our history, when we have cast our swaddling clothes, and have grown into a robust, vigorous and hopeful adolescence; when our fortunes are going up by leaps and bounds; when we are becoming daily a more formidable rival to our enemy; when we are hourly stimulating her jealousy by the exploiting and development of our resources; when we are preparing to clutch at the highest feathers in her cap; when we are making bold to emulate her prosperity at the same time that we exhibit a higher civilization and a better type of manhood—it is at such a time that an artificial handicap is placed upon us in the race by the solemn acknowledgment of the Mother Country, in the face of Christendom, that the United States is the paramount power, and is entitled to a preponderating influence in this hemisphere, and that so far as this continent is concerned, no matter what the prowess or ambition of her children, or the richness of the heritage God has honoured them with, Great Britain sinks to the level

of a second-class power. We are unworthy of our sires, unworthy of the enchanting country we possess, unworthy of our fortune—aye, unworthy of the very Motherland that puts this indignity upon us, if we tamely submit to it without exhausting every effort—vain though it may appear—to avert so signal a mark of national degeneracy.

Certainly no stronger argument could be found in favor of Imperial Federation than is furnished by this unfortunate arrangement. No one for a moment believes that in any Imperial council or parliament in which the colonies had voice or representation would it be possible to set the seal of approval upon this unhappy convention, nor is it possible that if he had had a Canadian statesman of average patriotism and information at his elbow Lord Salisbury could ever have fallen into such an error. But, in the absence of such influences, it is surely the duty of our Government to enter a spirited remonstrance against an act of folly which endangers our peace, jeopardises important trade interests, and makes an irreparable breach in our influence and prestige.

Lord Randolph Churchill stigmatised Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill as "The Great Betrayal." May we not appropriately call Lord Salisbury's acknowledgment of Monroeism "The Greater Betrayal"?

George T. Blackstock.





A PRIESTESS OF LIBERTY AND HER MESSAGE.

(*A Picture of Mrs. Browning.*)

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy,'
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it always was, so shall ever be."

SUCH was the love which Robert Browning and his poet-wife bore to the oppressed land beneath whose smiling skies they had made their home. Theirs was the fervent devotion of patriots, not the heated partizanship which manifests itself in the championing of Venezuelan claims, nor even that sincere, but erratic, sympathy which actuated Cuban filibustering. To them the freedom of Italy meant much more than did the liberation of Greece to Byron. In the latter, we cannot but see the Corsair-spirit's detestation of oppression predominating over his love for the oppressed. It was rather against "the unspeakable Turk" than for the Hellene that he strove—he loved the slave because he first hated the cruel task-master. With the Brownings, however, affection for Italy was a controlling feeling. Not even Mazzini, nor Garibaldi, could suffer more deeply in his nation's degradation than did these English singers. While from the pen of Mazzini came those burning calls for action upon the part of slumbering Italy, no less earnest was the appeal sent to the outer world by the gentle poetess sitting behind her window at Casa Guida. And who will say that

the golden stylus of the woman proved less mighty than the statesman's firmer pen? Each played well its part in making possible final victory through the sword of Garibaldi.

In the poem entitled, "From Casa Guida Windows," there were embodied the impressions and emotions of Elizabeth Browning, as she witnessed the struggle which took place in Tuscany during her residence in Florence. And that song went forth as a message to the nations. Could dying Armenia be blessed with such a priestess, how much more of hope in its future! She made no pretensions to presenting a treatise upon the principles of liberty, nor to formulating any definite plan for immediate action. This was to be the part of others. For her, it was enough that she felt the wrong and hated it—hated with all the intensity of a god-like passion; that her whole being became vocal with love and pity for the bruised and trodden form of lovely Italia.

By the Congress of Vienna, Italy had been placed under petty princes, who owned allegiance to Austria and the Pope. Continued oppression awakened irreconcilable hostility between these rulers and their subjects. An almost universal revolt of the Italian States, in 1848, bade fair to overthrow foreign domination. A republic was declared under the presidency of the

intrepid Mazzini, and upon the same day the tyrannical Duke of Tuscany fled from Florence. Italy's first shout of exultation at her new-found liberty had scarcely died away when the allied forces were disastrously defeated at the battle of Novara. The treacherous French expedition of 1850 was the concluding event of this great revolution. The reaction was merciless. Austrian troops exercised a crushing tyranny, and from time to time Europe shuddered at the recital of dark cruelties, scarcely less atrocious than the outrages of the Kurds in Armenia. Such events were the melancholy inspiration of a poetic outburst that compelled the attention of Christendom. In spite of all—for no Cassandra was this prophetess—her faith foretold a time of final triumph.

The poem consists of two parts, written at an interval of about three years, before and after the revolution of 1848. The first is marked by its glowing hope for the liberty of Italy's re-awakened future; the second by its disappointment at the fickleness of the people and its detestation of their rulers' perfidy, still relieved, however, by the light of faith. The opening lines contain pathetic reference to the song of an Italian child passing beneath the window of the poetess, "*O, Bella Liberata!* Oh! Beauteous Liberty!" is the sweet refrain which calls forth that lyrical plaint, so exquisitely tender, declaring the sad inadequateness of mere music to awaken the deadened heart of Italy. Too much there has been, says this singer, of mere poetic sympathy; too much of weak glorying in past greatness by an unfortunate nation,

"Of her own past, impassioned nympholept."

Adopting a more vigorous strain, this Priestess of Liberty and Right sounds forth with sudden passion:

"We do not serve the dead—the past is past,
God lives,—
Draw new furrows with the healthy morn
And plant the great hereafter in this now."

Feeling that nothing definite will result from the impulses of sudden enthusiasm, with another "clarion breath" she exclaims:

"Will therefore to be strong, O Italy!
Will to be noble! —"

Tyranny must be resisted by force of arms, since the day has not yet come when mankind will

"— announce
Law by freedom; exalt chivalry by peace."

But Italy's greatest need she feels to be a teacher who will convince its sons that they must, in their souls, be free,

"For if we lift a people like mere clay
It falls the same——"

Again, she counsels firmness of purpose, and beseeches her adopted countrymen to

"Bring swords; but first bring souls."

With a strong appeal to the nations of Europe, and a sanguine prophecy of the final triumph of Right, the first part of the poem closes.

The opening stanza of the second and shorter portion reverts in thought to the childish song heard three years or so before, and sadly refers to the prophetic feelings which had been disproved by bitter reality. It seems to her as though only a few "thinkers" have any real care for Italy, so weak in purpose have the Tuscans lately proved themselves, and so false their rulers. Fearing that her reproving may be mistaken for lack of sympathy, there well up from her heart strains of tenderest love and pity, like tears, relieving by their expression the strain of an unbearable grief:

"My soul is bitter for your sakes,
O, freedom! O, my Florence!"

Such lines, indeed, are tears in words. More strongly than ever does the poetess realize the need of some mighty educative force which will truly prepare the multitude for a state of freedom. Lack of soul-con-
viction had been the cause of previous

failure. Again, she laments the lack of aid from other countries.

"Alas! great nations have great shames,
No pity, O world—
For poor Italia, battered by mischance!"

Sadly and earnestly, she beseeches England for,

"—Alms—God's justice to be done."

To the lonely champion, it seems as though only the martyred patriots of other days have been true to native land. Still her faith asserts that their unfinished work will yet be taken up by strong hands. She sings:

"Poets are soothsayers yet like those of old,"
and has faith in her own prophecies. And now, the sight of her bright-haired child awakens a new ardour in her soul. To her he seems God's witness that

"— the elemental
New springs of life are gushing everywhere,
To cleanse the watercourses."

She takes a lesson from the innocent trustfulness of childhood. With her husband she realizes that:

"God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world."

With immediate clearness of vision she now sees that

"The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete."

With words illumined by the beauty of a holy hope and the faith of a child, the poem closes:

"Such cheer I gather from thy smiling Sweet!
The self-same cherub faces which emboss
The Vail, lean inward to the Mercy-seat."

Mrs. Browning by this poem shows herself the poet of humanity. Inanimate nature for her, though she feels its beauties, does not contain the all-satisfying. She conceives of it only in its relation to mankind and its Creator. Her conception of the

Divine does not have its limit in an æsthetic communion with the soul of Nature; nor do we find, in her, so much a seeing 'through Nature to Nature's God,' as a knowledge through mankind of the Universal Father. The essence of the spiritual feeling which pervades her work is love—love for Humanity and Humanity's God. Imbued she was with a sense of the sacredness of poetry, and its relation to the inner life of man. Who can listen to the rhythmic throbbings of her love-burdened heart without experiencing emotions far transcending those aroused by the grandest measures of sound-borne music? Compare it if you will to some masterpiece of organ harmony—though such simile inadequately represents the spell-binding power of its composite beauties—its sadly melodious *prelude* and *finale* sweet with golden hope; its *crescendos* of passion and outbursts of glorious imagery; its plaintive minor strains of reproving tenderness or sweet bewailing; the 'hidden harmonies' of righteous anger or scathing sarcasm; its *allegro* themes of hope and its *andantes* of consequent disappointments. Beneath the spell of its completed harmony the listener is filled with strangely conflicting emotions—love for liberty, justice, and all that is noble and true; sympathy with suffering and sorrow; hatred for despotism, religious or temporal; loathing for all that is cowardly or false.

Slowly, very slowly, came the world's response to this musician's message. Almost ten years passed ere her faith's prophecy had its fulfilment. And then the land of song was free, but its sweetest singer lay dying in the City of Flowers.

Stambury R. Tarr.

MRS. WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

A Review.

MRS. WARD'S "Robert Elsmere" was a novel with a purpose, and hence had an importance more on that account than because of its interest as a story. "The History of David Grieve" had less purpose and more of the pure story character. The same may be said of "Marcella." Her new work, "Sir George Tressady," is still more of a story, the "purpose" being present, but less prominent.

It will be remembered that Marcella was a young lady who went to London to study art and life, and imbibed certain ideas concerning the injustice of private property, the destructiveness of unrestrained competition, and the sacredness of the rights of labour. Returning to her rural home she was led to take a strong interest in the agricultural poor, and was carried away with schemes for the elevation of their material and intellectual condition. She came to recognize that the labouring man must be educated and refined before he can be placed on that elevated plane where all men are free and equal, and that reforms must come gradually, not precipitately.

In "Sir George Tressady," Marcella,

now Lady Maxwell, is again the leading figure, and the *fin-de-siècle* socialistic phenomena are again considered. Sir George Tressady enters the British Parliament with "the common philosophy of the educated and fastidious observer; and it rested on ideas of the greatness of England and the infinity of England's mission, on the

rights of ability to govern as contrasted with the squalid possibilities of democracy, on the natural kingship of the higher races, and on a profound personal admiration for the virtues of the administrator and the soldier." He believes in "government to the competent, and not to the many." While in Parliament, he is brought into opposition to Lord and Lady Maxwell, who are endeavouring to have passed a Bill

doing away with "sweating" within the precincts of London. These two persons are still following up the plans of Hallin, who, it will be remembered, "was a lecturer and an economist, a man who lived in the perception of the great paradox, that in our modern world political power has gone to the workman, while yet socially and intellectually he remains



MRS. WARD.

* "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Marcella," "Robert Elsmere," etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols.; cloth, \$2.00.

little less weak, or starved, or subject, than before."

At first, Sir George fought them bitterly and assiduously. By degrees, however, he was brought under the influence of Lady Maxwell, who, "now, as ever, remained on the moral side, a creature of strain and effort, tormented by ideals not to be realized, and eager to drive herself in a breathless pursuit of them." The waste of life and health involved in the great clothing industries in East London had been investigated, and Marcella (Lady Maxwell) was determined that, by means of her husband's Bill, a reform should be effected. Neither she nor her husband had the smallest belief that any of the great civilised communities would ever see the State the sole landlord and the sole capitalist. To both, possession—private and personal—was one of the first and chiefest elements of human training, but they believed "in protecting the weak from his weakness, the poor from his poverty, in defending the woman and child from the fierce claims of capital, in forcing upon trade after trade the axiom that no man may lawfully build his wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of his fellow . . . Bring the force of the social conscience to bear as keenly and as ardently as you may upon the separate activities of factory and household, farm, and office, and from the results you will only get a richer individual freedom, one more illustration of the divinest law man serves—that he must 'die to live,' must surrender to obtain."

But in spite of Marcella's "passionate sympathy with the multitude who live in disagreeable homes on about a pound a week, she herself was very sensitive to the neighbourhood of beautiful things, to the charm of old homes, cool woods, green lawns, and the rise and fall of Brookshire hills;" she revelled in politics, in social gatherings, in country-house parties, in all that was artistic in English social life;

she was, in short, "the adored, detested, famous woman, typical in so many ways of changing custom and of an expanding world."

The story turns on the courtship of Sir George Tressady and a pretty, scheming young woman who becomes his wife, and quarrels with him as soon as he is safely bound in the bonds of matrimony. Her heartlessness makes the first volume of the book somewhat like a description of a nightmare. Her pettiness, her shallowness, her worldliness are painted in such strong colours that the reader is anxious to turn away; but the inexorable author holds him to his gaze until she is satisfied. Through a strike among the coal-miners upon Sir George's estates, and through jealousy of the friendship which sprang up between Sir George and Marcella, the young wife is partially brought to her senses, but not until Mrs. Ward has told, or rather shown us a great deal about the modern marriage which is often caricatured but very seldom scientifically examined.

The book may be accepted as an admirable pen-picture of the social life of the England of to-day. The hardships of the poor, the bickerings of the poverty-stricken nobility, the struggles of the various social classes are drawn with masterly strokes, and the picture is toned here and there—not enough, perhaps—with the beautiful lives of men and women possessed of the nobility of lineage, of education and of association. The leading figures stand out boldly upon the canvas, and not a necessary detail is omitted. There is not a square inch of the work which the artist has not carefully considered and artistically treated. It is realistic in the extreme, never vulgar, and always according to the highest forms of literary art. As one critic says, "We are struck by the actuality of the characters; they live and breathe, for their creator has lived with them, and has, so to speak, been able to draw from life."

The most charming parts of the book are the conversations between Sir George and Lady Maxwell. She tries to influence him in favour of the Bill, paints the miseries of the East-End poor, plays upon his sympathies, touches his heart-strings, throws her whole beautiful personality into the scale on the side she so anxiously desires. He, on his part, replies at first, because he hates her power in and around Parliament, continues the struggle because he likes to hear her voice, to see her flashing, sympathetic eyes, to feel the tremendous power of a beautiful, intellectual and enthusiastic woman. Finally, he changes his attitude and saves the Bill because—she desires it. Then comes the denouement—the jealous wife, the sorrowful awakening of Marcella to the havoc she has wrought, the sudden realization by Sir George of his own delicate position. All this is worked out with a dramatic power which few of our authors possess.

The critics are divided as to the merit of the work. The *Athenæum* thinks that Lady Maxwell is a degenerate Marcella; the *Spectator*, that the book is less mature and less fascinating; and the *Saturday Review*, that Marcella is made to do some shameless, posturing impossibilities. The *Independent*, (N.Y.) says that everything in the book is alive and real; while the *Bookman* says that "Mrs. Ward lacks the final supreme gift of making her characters step down from their pedestal and live with us." Other critics lavish great praise on the novel as a whole, while nearly all admire the author's finished technique. Perhaps the difference of opinion among the critics may be taken as good evidence of the book's real excellence. That no two of them strike at the same point would seem to prove that there is no really vulnerable spot in the work as Mrs. Ward has given it to the world.

John A. Cooper.

THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY.*

A Review.

FROM every point of view, this is one of the pleasantest books that has come in our way for a long time. In the first place, the literary quality of the volume is excellent—we might say, first-rate. The two lady writers have so fused the work of each, or have had sympathies so perfectly in harmony, that there is no appearance, from beginning to end, of any discord, or even of any combination. We put this quality of the book first, because it might otherwise seem that we made the best of the workmanship on account of the subject and the intrinsic interest of the contents. This is not

the case. We entirely agree with the judgment of Principal Grant, expressed in his "Introduction," when he says: "To me it has been an unmixed delight to read the proof. Their racy descriptions give vivid glimpses of the good old times, and many Canadians will join with me in thanking them for allowing us to sit beside one of the cradles of our national life, and hear some of the first attempts at speech of the sturdy infant." That we may not seem to be uncritical in our laudation, we will add that, here and there, the writers are slightly elliptical; so that now and then we have to turn

*In the *Days of the Canada Company: The Story of the Settlement of the Huron Tract, and a View of the Social Life of the Period, 1825-1850.* By Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars. Price, \$2.00. Toronto: W. Briggs. 1896.

back a little, and make sure of the connection. Moreover, the topographical indications might have been a little more precise. But the reader may help himself in this respect by reference to a sketch-map of the Huron district, "in which the Canada Company have about 1,000,000 acres of land," at p. 379.

Here, however, we have done with criticism, which, we trust, has not sounded carping or ungracious. As regards the actual contents of the volume, whether we are Canadians born or have become so by adoption, it is with nothing less than a feeling of pride that we peruse these records of our early history. It is hardly possible to believe that the conditions of life have altered so greatly during the few years that have intervened between the period covered by this volume and the present time. We suppose that the children and grandchildren of those hardy and heroic pioneers might be capable of enduring and accomplishing what they endured and accomplished; but most of them would be very reluctant to submit themselves to such an ordeal.

We have no intention of entering here into the merits of the Canada Company, not only because of the difficulty of forming what we may call a general estimate of its value; but because the very phrase must, of necessity, have a very uncertain meaning. The praise and the blame, if they are ever to be distributed, cannot be assigned to the representatives of the Company in Canada alone, nor to the authorities at home alone. Sometimes the very necessities of the circumstances are responsible for what is done or left undone, if we can speak of responsibility in such a case. Sometimes plans which have been formed with the very best intentions and from the purest motives have most seriously miscarried. There is little attempt, in the book before us, to settle questions of this kind. The writers are content to place living

men before us in action, and help us to understand them and what they did.

One figure, of course, leads the way, John Galt, the "father of the Company," of whom we shall have something more to say; but other notable persons and families appear in these pages. Canada, as the Company found it, is placed before us, and we see "these roads before they were made," and the work which was cut out for the pioneers. Then we have an historical sketch from Champlain to Gooding, the Kings of the Canada Company, and the Colborne clique. Canadian names are a little trying to persons unacquainted with the special localities. The Colborne here is a township next to Goderich, and the Perth is the county east of Huron County, and has obviously no connection with the Perth on the C.P.R. A denizen of Huron would probably smile with disdain on these explanations; but we don't all hail from Huron.

Some of the most interesting chapters are those which are devoted to the description of the homes of the leading families, as of Gairbraid, the home of the Dunlops, of whom more anon; Lunderston, the home of the Hyndmans, a very remarkable family, the head of it being "a tall man, straight as a tree; the best and truest man that ever set foot in Huron;" and Meadowlands, the home of the Lizars, from whom, we presume, the authors of our history proceeded. Another very prominent family in these pages is the well-known family of the Stricklands. There is also much of interest in the chapters on the Canada Company *v.* the People and the People *v.* the Canada Company. The Company, we may remark, were at their worst when they were meddling with politics; and, although there is a good deal of amusing narrative in the stories of the elections, there was always, especially in those days, something that we could dispense with, were it

not that history must be truly written.

Talking of the writing of history, we ought perhaps to remark that our authors give us no references to any authorities for the verification of their statements. We suppose, therefore, that the substantial contents of the volume rest on local tradition, or are derived from letters and other private documents, and perhaps, to some extent, from pamphlets and newspapers. This is an additional reason for thankfulness that the work has been done whilst it still could be done. In books like these we have the material for future history; and it not only bears evidence of truth and reality, but it can be tested and sifted for the use of the historians that are to come.

As we have said, there is one man who comes first; but there is another who stands close beside him, and who appears on the scene long after Galt had quitted it, Dr. William Dunlop, who may not improperly be called the hero of this epic.

John Galt was a very remarkable man as a writer and as an administrator. His "Annals of the Parish," and other books of the same class, hold a first place among the books that deal with the human life of Scotland. Galt was essentially a good man, upright, high-minded, public-spirited. If he had been a smaller man, or a meaner man, he might, from a worldly point of view, have done better for himself. Perhaps it was the very simplicity and nobility of the man which laid him open to misconception. "Mr. Galt had been accused of extravagance; but if extravagance there was, it was an authorized extravagance. His actions have been blamed as high-handed and short-sighted; for the first, he was under direction from a Board not in touch with the circumstances; and, for the second, he was far-sighted enough for his sons, in their maturity, to have been able to see in Canada many things which he had hoped for

during their youth." Mr. Galt, the writer says, was never other than the "plain gentleman." He says of himself: "I was, doubtless, not born in the hemisphere of fashion, but I have lived in it as much as a plebeian should do who had any respect for himself." This is excellent. Truly do our authors add, "There is no snob clot on the Galt brain."

We must not dwell longer on this grand figure. Canada owes much to him, and would gladly number many such men among her sons in every period. It is to be hoped that the memory of the author and that of the administrator may go down to posterity together.

There are many topics touched upon in this part of the book, in regard to the manners and customs and practices of the times of Galt and his fellow-workers, which we would gladly dwell upon. But we shall have done our work indifferently, indeed, if our readers are not induced to turn to the volume itself. For our own part, we shall not be contented with merely having read it from beginning to end. We shall keep it by our side and dip into its pages, and learn from it to understand better and to appreciate more deeply the men who have gone before us and the work which they have done. One thing we may here note—that we get to understand better the feeling of the men who have grown up with, or immediately after, these pioneers, in their devotion to their own Canada, and in their aversion to the idea of annexation to another country.

As, however, we have said, the most interesting and picturesque character in this volume is Dr. William Dunlop, a Scotchman by birth, who was an army surgeon in India for a time, the heat of which he became unable to endure, after which (in 1813) he came out to Canada. In 1841 he succeeded his brother, Captain Robert Graham Dunlop, at his death, as member in the Provincial Parliament; and himself died in 1848, aged 56.

This Dr. William Dunlop was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," in all ways. It is not quite easy to forbear following him—in his kindly intercourse with his neighbours, in his dry humour, in his delight at getting up a duel. To his credit be it spoken that these duels seldom (perhaps never) came off. We must, however, content ourselves with the verdict of the writers, thoroughly borne out by the testimony of the book and with one peculiar specimen of his humour.

"In spite," they say, "of the faults

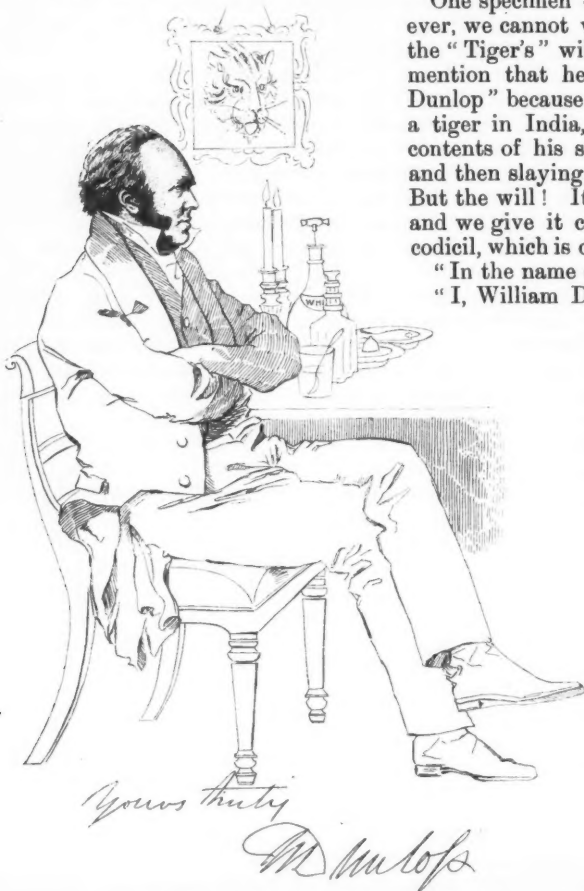
of his day, and his own surpassing excellence in them, this son of the land of the tartan, the bonnet and the kilt, was a true man. There was not an untrue or a selfish thread in his cord of life. He made no boast of religion; he simply lived it; the chief tenet in it was charity. The half-obliterated letters on that grey slab are not his epitaph (see p. 460, 461). He is best remembered by what he did, and when even that shall have faded, a whole country-side of happy and prosperous times shall remain to keep his memory green." So let him rest!

One specimen of his humour, however, we cannot withhold, and that is the "Tiger's" will. We neglected to mention that he was called "Tiger Dunlop" because of his having killed a tiger in India, by first giving the contents of his snuff-box in his eyes, and then slaying him with his sword. But the will! It is certainly unique; and we give it complete, without the codicil, which is of no special interest:

"In the name of God, amen:

"I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the township of Colborne, County and District of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body, and my mind just as usual, (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times,) do make this my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills.

"I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other landed property I may die possessed of, to my sisters, Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop; the



AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA"

former, because she 'is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks. The latter, because she is married to nobody, nor is she like to be, for she is an old maid, and not market ripe. And, also, I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm; provided, always, that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved, and if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole.

"I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege. However, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him; he can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

"I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Bethia Hamilton, of Woodhall; and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be another guise of Christian than she is.

"I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhort-

ing him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

"I leave my brother Alan my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

"I leave Parson Chevasse (Magg's husband) the snuff-box I got from the Sarnia militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken.

"I leave John Coddle a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.

"I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a Jungley Wallah, that he may learn to read with them.

"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister, Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore will necessarily take to horning. And also my grandma's snuff-mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff."

Imagine such a will being read at a funeral! Some doubts were expressed as to the legality of such a document; but its validity was found to be unquestionable.

William Clark.

A GAME OF CHESS.

A Sketch.

"DO you want to take that move back?" he asks abruptly. We are playing chess, apparently; in reality we are playing a deeper game.

"If I don't, the game is yours."

"Would that be anything new?" sardonically.

I could box his ears—or kiss him—when he speaks to me like that.

Which do I do? Well, really—

* * * * *

He meanders on, in his professor-like style, on the inability of women in general—and me in particular—to play chess well. "It is too long a game, and too serious a game," he is saying. "Women like to talk and laugh and come to some result. You

know yourself, Pauline, that you lose all interest"—he pauses to look at me.

I am studying the board meditatively, my chin resting on my clasped hand. The tall lamp, with its red shade, stands beside us.

"By Jove, you are looking well to-night," he remarks. "I believe you are actually growing pretty." It is one of his fads to constantly inform me that the popular verdict as to my good looks is a mistaken one. *N'importe*—he loves me all the same.

"Your hair is a trifle flat," he continues, "it suits you better up a little."

I meekly give it a few deft pokes.

"Does that please your royal highness?"

"It's better. What have you done to your hand?"

"You are horribly observant," I sharply remark, for it is an ugly little bruise. "I had a nasty tumble off my wheel to-day, coasting down our hill."

"If you *will* coast without a brake, you deserve it."

Sympathetically, "Shall I kiss it and make it well?"

A thought strikes me that Pond's Extract would be more efficacious, but I say nothing.

When my hand is so near, I cannot resist stroking the smooth brow and thick, wavy masses of fair hair, of which he is inordinately vain.

I prophesy baldness at thirty as a condign punishment. Until that evil day comes, however, I am to stroke his hair. He says he likes me to do it. I wonder if the privilege extends to other girls, and I try to find out.

* * * * *

In some strange manner the chessmen get disarranged. I re-arrange them, abstracting a knight and castle from my opponent's forces.

He sees me, of course—there is very little he does *not* see—and says, smilingly:

"Just like a woman; if she cannot win by fair means, she will by foul."

"How untrue," I retort, snappishly. "I won't play any more," and I tumble the men, pell-mell, into the box.

"Well, who won this time?" I ask. Unfortunate question!

He is standing now—six long, narrow feet of manhood, nervous, wiry, alert, his blue-grey eyes glowing beneath the long, black-lashed and heavy brows, and his thick, gold-brown hair waving up from his shapely-cut forehead. He reaches across the table, and, taking my hand in his, gazes steadfastly at me.

"Who won?" he repeats, gravely. "I think we both have lost. Do you not want to take back that move of two months ago?"

He does not say "Will you not?" this proud opponent of mine. He never stoops to entreaty. He takes things as his right, or as a free-will offering. One cannot help admiring his proud, independent spirit, but a woman loves to be entreated, you know; it satisfies her love of power.

"Dearest"—by this time the table is not between us—"I see my answer in your eyes—look at me—is it not so?"

With the best intentions in the world, I am unable to make any audible reply.

Florence Trenholme.





CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

THE VENEZUELAN DISPUTE.

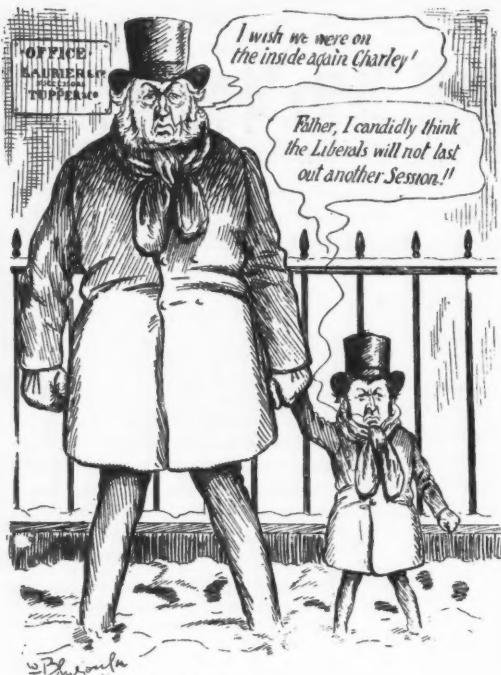
CANADA has been intensely interested in the Venezuelan dispute, and all our citizens will be pleased that there is a prospect of a speedy and peaceful settlement. The Anglo-Saxon race holds in its hand, at present, the destiny of the world, for no other race at all equals it in intellectual power and progressive civilization. Though that race may be divided into two parts politically, there is no reason why it should not be united for material and intellectual progress. Recognizing a broad basis of national liberty in its government, as each country does, there was no reason to expect that such opposite views of any question, outside of the absolute sovereignty of either, would be advanced, that either nation would feel justified in resorting to an appeal to arms to decide which was right and which was wrong. Rather was there every reason to hope that an enlightened public opinion would enable the government of each state to view the claims of the other in a sufficient degree of liberality as to arrive at a common basis of settlement. This hope and this expectation have been fulfilled by the recent unofficial announcements of Lord Salisbury and Secretary Olney. The commission appointed by the Congress of the United States to collect material and evidence concerning the true boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana in South America has decided that while continuing its deliberations in the preparation and orderly arrangement of the maps, reports and documents which have been procured, it does not propose, for the present, to formulate any decision of the matters subject to its examination.

Lord Salisbury has announced that there will be a partial arbitration as to such territory as has not been continuously occupied by the subjects of either Venezuela or Great Britain for fifty years. A basis of settlement has thus been reached, and it is to be hoped that the settlement itself will be as satisfactory.

The *Toronto Globe* says :

" Lord Salisbury, by carrying on the negotiations regarding the Venezuelan boundary with the United States, puts that country in a position where it must do police duty in all the republics to which the Monroe doctrine applies. It is manifest, for example, that if the arbitration between Great Britain and the United States regarding the boundary dispute results in an award of the territory beyond the present line of settlement to Great Britain, the United States will have to force Venezuela to give up the territory, and so carry out the decision. The responsibility of guardianship will scarcely be as popular at Washington as the assertion of protectorate powers, but it will teach the rulers of the republic that one cannot assume the right to prevent one's neighbour from being punished without also assuming the obligation to prevent that neighbour from doing things that deserve punishment. If the United States find the task of keeping 'their friends in Venezuela' in order difficult at times, they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that so long as they do police duty there will be no attempt by any European power to extend its territories in Central or South America."

It is to be hoped that the British authorities at Westminster will be more successful in their presentation of evidence than they were in the boundary disputes concerning their territory in North America. It is a matter of history that the State of Maine, a whole belt of country lying between Lake Michigan and the Pacific, and a portion of Alaska were lost to Great Britain, and to Canada, simply



THE GLOBE, TORONTO, NOV. 11TH.

THE TWO TUPPERS.

because the then British statesmen made the insane error of believing that these pieces of territory—among the most valuable on this continent—were not of sufficient importance to justify them in taking the greatest possible care that the very best evidence of the British title was forthcoming at the time of settlement. British guardianship of British rights on this continent has been a genuine comedy of errors, and it is to be hoped that the comedy will not be extended by Lord Salisbury and his assistants. Judging, however, from the events of history, Great Britain might have been expected to give up "No man's Land" in South America at the first demand. That they have not done so proves that prognostications concerning the future, in the light of history, are not always reliable, even when logical.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Considering the smallness of our trade with Australia, it seems difficult to realize

the necessity of Canada's exerting herself to any great extent to help lay a Pacific cable. Australian merchants doing business with London are subject to interruptions sometimes extending over three or four days. A cable from Vancouver to the Sandwich Islands and Australia would be of enormous benefit to the citizens of the latter country. The Canadian Pacific line across Canadian territory and the Atlantic cables would give an all-British route, thus combining political and commercial values. This connection would also be of great importance to Great Britain in the case of a war, which would cut off communication *via* Aden. The extension of the cable from Australia to the Cape of Good Hope would still further bind the Empire together in case of a great war, as the African land lines are easily destroyed and run partially through hostile territory. But where the benefit to Canada would come in is not so easily perceived.

True, cable communication with Australia would enable us to extend our trade with our sister colonies, but the extension must, from the nature of what Australia buys and sells, be somewhat limited. It would seem wise, at least, to consider whether an investment of equal amount in an improved Atlantic steamship service would not be more remunerative.

Canada is certainly interested in all British projects, and this one especially. But having burdened ourselves greatly in assisting the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to give an all-British railway and telegraph route across this continent, it would be wise to consider carefully whether it would be to our national interest to heavily subsidize an undertaking the greatest profit of which, so far as Canadians would profit at all, would fall into the hands of this same corporation. It is certainly proper for us to encourage and assist this enterprise, but this assistance should not go farther than the prospect of adequate

return will justify. When Sir Donald Smith, Hon. A. G. Jones, and Sandford Fleming, who were the Canadian representatives at the Conference which has just been held in London, make their report, it will be the duty of the Canadian Government to carefully consider the matter before committing themselves to the giving of financial aid.

THE BUILDING OF RAILWAYS.

Railways are an important factor in the development and progress of a country, but it may be questioned whether Canada has not gone too far in giving aid to railroad building. On the 30th of June, 1895, there were 16,091 miles of track laid in this country, and the Dominion Government has contributed to this building at the rate of \$9,369 per mile constructed, the Provincial Government at the rate of \$1,847, and the municipalities at the rate of \$881 per mile. That is, for the net result of 16,091 miles, Canada has contributed in round numbers the very liberal sum of \$195,000,000. Isn't it about time to call a halt?

In Cape Colony the proportion of net revenue to capital cost of railways is 5.75 per cent.; in India, 4.96; in South Australia, 3.13; in New South Wales, 3.46; in New Zealand, 2.73; in Queensland, 2.13; and in Canada, 1.57. In only one British Colony is the proportion lower than in Canada, and that is Tasmania. Does this not seem to indicate that we are building railways too fast, that they are being constructed and operated before they are actually necessary?

Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion Statistician, says in the Statistical Year-Book of 1895, page 633: "The cost of a railway, it has been said, should not be more than ten times its annual traffic—that is, that the annual traffic should be 10 per cent. of its capital cost. If this standard is applied to Canadian railways their cost will be found to very far exceed the limit." In 1895 the gross receipts amount-

ed to only \$46,785,487, while the paid-up capital was \$894,660,559, the percentage of traffic to cost being about 5½ per cent. instead of 10 per cent. Would it not be well to call a halt in railroad building and wait for the country to develop?

Canada has so markedly approved the policy of subsidizing railways that unless the Government will plainly and unequivocally state that no further state-aid shall be given to these enterprises, private companies will not undertake the work without a slice of the public funds. Promoters of railroads have seen money lavished so freely that they would not build a railroad, even if it promised to be profitable, until after they had lobbied through a Bill granting them some state-aid. In brief, a continuous policy of governmental subsidizing prevents the undertaking of such work by unaided private enterprise. And this is the pass to which affairs in Canada have come!

Another fault in past practice lies in



THE WORLD, TORONTO, NOV. 9TH.

CANADA'S SHIP COMING IN AT LAST.

the leaving of state-aided railways without any measure of state control. No business man would take one-fourth of the stock in any incorporated or unincorporated company without being assured that he would have some voice in its control and guidance. And yet Canada has done this in the case of her railways.

Speaking of the subject of the new railway into British Columbia, the *Toronto Globe* remarks wisely :

"Should it be decided to grant public aid to a line running through the Crow's Nest Pass, the question of public control in regard to the regulation of freight rates and other matters will be one for very careful consideration. Enthusiasm for the development of our resources must not be allowed to hurry us into the making of an improvident bargain or one which will leave a private corporation to do as it pleases with the traffic. Unless some company is willing to take up the project as a private enterprise, which does not seem likely at present, there are two alternatives—either the operation of the road by the Government directly, as in the case of the Intercolonial, or its operation by the C. P. R., under real and effective public control. We do not think that that control should be exercised in any narrow or illiberal spirit, but means should be taken to ensure to the country the advantages which are now held out as inducements for public aid. It must be a Canadian line in the true sense, run for the purpose of encouraging Canadian industry and enterprise, of building up Canadian towns and cities, and of providing transportation for Canadian products at reasonable rates. If public money is to be voted on patriotic grounds to a railway, the railway must be operated in the same spirit."

RULE BY CRIMINALS.

Canadians have to fight Annexation and combat it not by sentiment or fiction, but by facts. Apparently the Annexationists have an organ which is published in Toronto. In its issue of October 21st the following appears :

"Is it not a fact, when you come to think of it, that a union stronger than mere political ties exists among the whole English-speaking people of America? And, moreover, is not this union the best pledge we can possibly have for peace upon the continent? Where would war begin? A mere political division that has been covered beneath a tangled mass of family vines, which have their root in one country and branches all over the other, could hardly serve for the purpose."

The idea of the journal mentioned seems to be to persuade Canadians that, after all, a political union with the United States would not be a radical change. But it would. We would find it necessary

to give up many benefits which we now enjoy, and one would be our democracy.

Politics in the United States have become so debased that in many places the ruling power rests not in the hands of decent people, but in the hands of criminals and villains. In the *Chicago Eagle* of September 19th appears an analysis, made by two detectives, of the 723 delegates who nominated the Silver-Democratic ticket for Cook County, Illinois. Here it is :

Of the delegates, those who have been on trial for murder.....	17
Sentenced to the penitentiary for murder and manslaughter, and have served sentence.....	7
Served terms in the penitentiary for burglary.....	36
Served terms in the penitentiary for picking pockets.....	2
Served term in the penitentiary for arson..	1
Ex-Bridewell and jail-birds, identified by detectives.....	84
Keepers of gambling-houses.....	7
Keepers of houses of ill-fame.....	2
Convicted of mayhem.....	3
Ex-prize fighters.....	11
Pool-room proprietors.....	265
Lawyers.....	14
Physicians.....	3
Grain dealers.....	2
Political employees.....	148
Hatters.....	1
Stationers.....	1
Contractors.....	4
Grocers.....	1
Sign-painters.....	1
Plumbers.....	4
Butchers.....	1
Druggists.....	1
Furniture supplies.....	1
Commission merchants.....	2
Ex-policemen.....	15
Dentists.....	1
Speculators.....	2
Justices of the Peace.....	3
Ex-constables.....	1
Farmers.....	6
Undertakers.....	3
No occupations.....	71
Total delegates.....	723

There is little morality in business in the United States, but still less in politics. The Republic may be the land of freedom, but freedom at the price of political liberty is less valuable than the freedom of the slaves of the South before the Abolition. To ask Canadians to exchange United States freedom for British freedom is to ask them to enter into a bad bargain—a bargain which only a lunatic could be expected to make.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CANADIAN.

There are twelve large coloured illustrations in the bound volume of the *Boy's Own Annual* for 1896. Besides these there are several hundred smaller illustrations, and as these are mostly by the leading artists, the fact is the more noteworthy. Among the contributors are: J. Macdonald Oxley, G. A. Henty, Clive Holland, George Manville Fenn, Principal John Adams, Arthur Lee Knight, Dr. Gordon Stables, Edward Roper, and a score of others whose writings are well-known to Canadian readers. The stories and articles are selected, of course, with a view to having them specially attractive to boys, and at the same time instructive. No better volume could be put into the hands of a Canadian youth, and that Canadians appreciate it is shown by the fact that those sold here are bound by Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto, who are sole agents for the publishers.

The Girl's Own Annual, *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home*, are also issued by this firm in a special Canadian edition. *The Girl's Own Annual* is just as praiseworthy as *The Boy's Own*, the illustrations being fully as artistic, and decidedly more delicate. The reading matter is well up to the standard of attractiveness and wholesomeness which has been exhibited in the previous sixteen issues, and it is especially important in this free-and-easy age that parents should be careful of the literature which their children peruse.

The reading matter in *The Leisure Hour* is much heavier, and of a more intellectual calibre, than in the two previous volumes. Yet it is decidedly interesting, whether one is seeking for information or pleasure. Some of the contributions are very valuable.

While *The Sunday at Home* is more religious in tone, a great many of its articles are secular; e. g., *Gipsy Encampments* in London, Fiji and its People, Life

among the Boers, Police of Japan, Worms and its Jewish Legends, Russian Nomads, Doctor Adrian, a story of Old Holland, etc. What religious topics are discussed are of universal interest.

Canada should produce its own literature of the kinds represented by these four annuals, but until it does, these English books are the best substitutes.

**

An important book by a Canadian author is almost ready. It will bear the title, "Studies in Acts." The first part will consist of a series of essays, in which special attention is given to the organization and growth of the first church; to its historic environment, social, political, and religious; to the Jewish-Gentile controversy and its influence upon the church; to the majestic life and work of the Apostle Paul; and to the history of the Holy Spirit in the church. By adopting the form of the essay, the writer, the Rev. W. J. Lhamon is freed on the one hand from the routine of the commentator, and on the other from the conventionalisms of the sermonizer. The second part of the work will consist of select comments from the most scholarly sources upon the most critical and interesting portions of the book of Acts. The author considers this book the key-book to the New Testament, as having been written in the first century, as being the work of a great and very accurate historian, and as being an impregnable defence of the Christian faith.

The book will appear in December, from the house of The Christian Publishing Co., in St. Louis, Mo.

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Under the title "Vikings of To-Day,"* Mr. Wilfred T. Grenfell gives us an interesting account of Labrador and its people, and also of the efforts made by the

* "Vikings of To-Day," by Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.R.C.S.E., L.R.C.P. Cloth, \$1.25. New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

council of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, during the past three years, to brighten the lives of those sturdy toilers of the sea on that desolate coast. The book is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, who has graciously taken an interest in the work. The preface is written by Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the London Hospital, and chairman of the hospital committee of the Mission.

There are a great number of beautiful illustrations from original photographs, and these add much to the reader's enjoyment of the book. Mr. Grenfell is thoroughly familiar with this subject, having been sent out by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen in charge of the Labrador expedition, and for the past three years he has been labouring nobly there.

**

Canadians must always regard with reverence the halo of romantic glory thrown by Longfellow over the Land of Evangeline. To Nova Scotians, especially, the word "Evangeline" has a sacredness which demands respect, and Roberts, Carman, Rand and a number of other writers have founded much of their description and romance on the historical associations which cling about the district where lived this national heroine. In Wolfville, N.S., lives an author who has endeavoured to write a story into which some of this historical romance might be woven; but "A Modern Evangeline" * is a lamentable failure. Mrs. Harris lacks the artist's power of painting a rich scene or depicting a striking figure, and the philosopher's power of analyzing human character and human emotions. Her story is filled with personages, places and movement, but because she lacks the technique of the true *litterateur*, her novel is barren, insipid and colourless.

**

The question of Canada's future is always a live one, and one which is always, for various reasons, presenting itself for fresh consideration. Some two years ago, there was published in New York† a

book entitled "Canadian Independence," by James Douglas, a native-born Canuck, but a resident of the United States. This book should not be lost sight of, as it presents a series of very plausible arguments in opposition to annexation to the United States. The argument cannot be said to be exhaustive, but it is certainly suggestive and worthy of attention. The book should have a place in the library of every Canadian citizen.

**

"Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's 'Canada Home'" is the rather formidable title of a book* by Elizabeth S. Tucker, of Fredericton, N.B. This is a collection of recollections and reminiscences of a two years' stay of Major and Mrs. Ewing in Fredericton. Major Ewing was in the 22nd, stationed at the capital of New Brunswick in 1867 and 1868, but was perhaps more famous as a musical composer than as a soldier, being author of many compositions, among them the beautiful hymn entitled "Jerusalem, the Golden," which has sometimes been wrongly credited to his uncle, Bishop Ewing. Mrs. Ewing was a noted English story-writer, and a most amiable and lovely person. These two were close friends of the late Bishop of Fredericton, John Medley, and at the end of Miss Tucker's beautiful book is inserted a letter written in 1885 by the venerable Bishop to Major Ewing, sympathizing with him after the passing away of his wife.

This volume is illustrated from many photographs and from drawings by the author, together with eight facsimiles of Mrs. Ewing's Canadian water-colour drawings. All are printed on heavy quarto leave, and add much to the grace and beauty of a very valuable book. It should find a ready sale in Canada during the holiday season.

**

Victor Coffin, assistant Professor of European History in the University of Wisconsin, has written a volume on "The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution," which is really a treatise on the Quebec Act of 1774. Prof. Coffin throws some new light on that Act, its *raison d'être* and its immediate and remote consequences. It is too important

* A Modern Evangeline, by Carrie J. Harris, author of "Mr. Perkins of Nova Scotia," etc. Windsor, N.S.: J. J. Anslow. Paper, 120 pp.

† Canadian Independence, Annexation and British Imperial Federation, by James Douglas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Questions of the Day Series.

* Boston: Roberts Bros. 4to, cloth, 145 pp.; 44 illustrations.

to be briefly noticed in this department, and will receive separate treatment later.

**

A number of Canadian book-lovers in Quebec, with M. Raoul Renauld at their head, are publishing in that city *Le Courrier du Livre*, a small monthly magazine devoted to current literature. In the October issue (No. 6) there are articles entitled, Edwin Tross; Les publications relatives à l'Amérique; Le Marquis de Lévis; Petite Bibliologie Instructive (Paper III); Echos et Nouvelles; and Bibliographie. M. Renauld is a son of the late M. Eugene Renauld, who for years edited *Le Courrier du Canada*.

**

The success of W. H. Withrow's "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs; a Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome," is indicated by the fact that a fifth Canadian edition of three thousand copies has just been printed. It has also been republished in London and New York. It is neatly bound and well illustrated, and throws much light on the early Roman Church to which St. Paul ministered, abounding in elements of heroism, pathos and tragedy.

**

It is announced that a new edition of Mrs. Macleod's "Carols of Canada" will soon appear. This Prince Edward Island poetess is too little known in Western Canada. Her work is marked by an intense patriotism, a strong loyalty, a broad conception of the importance of true living, and a musical style. Measured by modern standards, she is lacking in technique; yet the modern fads in poetry are hardly safe guides, and their hollowness cannot but bring them into contempt. The longest poem in Mrs. Macleod's volume is "The Siege of Quebec," and it is worthy of a permanent place in our literature.

**

A CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Saturday Night's Christmas number contains good features, although perhaps the chief interest will attach to the coloured premium plate, the Battle of Queenston Heights. The Marquis of Lorne contributes a story "The Amber Drop." Angus Evan Abbot's story, "The Cry of the Loon," opens in the Canadian north and ends in London. Miss Kathleen Sullivan

writes, perhaps, the most charming story in the book, "Made of Ether." William Bleasdel Cameron, Annie McQueen, Edmund E. Sheppard and others, contribute stories, and Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison writes on the Battle of Queenston Heights and the death of Brock. The illustrations are by G. A. Reid, Arthur H. H. Heming, J. E. Laughlin, C. H. Kahrs and others.

**

FOREIGN.

We do not seem to be weary yet of stories of Scottish life and character, for "Heather from the Brae,"* a series of Scottish character sketches by David Lyall, has met with a warm reception. Perhaps we relish these fresh, pure sketches of the life and character of a simple people because we have been so over-burdened with books which picture the sins and wickednesses of modern society. This return to what is pure and elevating in the prose fiction of the time is surely a most hopeful sign.

David Lyall has a style of his own, and shows himself capable of depicting in a charmingly realistic and sympathetic manner, the life and habits of these simple Scottish folk. "The Land o' the Leal," by the same author, will appear shortly, and there is even a hint of another—"Scots Folk in London."

**

Two juvenile books, "Teddy's Button"† and "Probable Sons,"‡ both by the author of "Eric's Good News," have been issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co. They are attractively bound and just the thing for Christmas presents.

**

Dean Farrar, in compliance with a request from the editor of *The Young Man*, has written a series of papers, now published in book form under the title of "The Young Man Master of Himself."§ His object in writing these is to help young men who are starting out in life, by giving them the benefit of his own experience, and, as he says in the introduction, he has

* Heather from the Brae, by David Lyall. Cloth, 75 cents. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

† "Teddy's Button," by the author of Eric's Good News.

‡ "Probable Sons," by the author of Eric's Good News. Cloth, 50 cents each. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

§ The Young Man Master of Himself, by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S.; cloth, 50 cents. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

stated "in the simplest, and most straightforward manner, the advice which seemed to him most likely to be truly helpful to them." Under the various headings—"The Young Man in the Home," "The Young Man in Business," "The Young Man in the Church," and "Young Men and Marriage"—the subject is very thoroughly treated and the book ought to prove truly helpful.

**

Mrs. Wiggin's story "Marm Lisa,"* which was concluded in the November *Atlantic*, has been published in book form. It is the pathetic history of a poor half-witted girl who, a child herself, has entrusted to her care an incorrigible pair of twins. By her faithful care of these she wins for herself the name of "Marm Lisa." As the author describes her—"Her mother thought she would be an imbecile, the Grubbs treated her as one, and nobody cared to find out what she really was or could be." But, fortunately for Lisa, she comes under the notice of kind friends, and the story follows the development, under their care, of Lisa's clouded brain and overworked body, until, at last, she proves herself a heroine. The story illustrates what wonders may be accomplished by loving kindness, and also the author's remarkable insight into child life.

**

Students of poetry are always interested in such sketches of their favourite authors, as will enable them to understand the view-points from which those authors looked out upon the world, the kind of lives they lived, and the persons and times with which they were associated. An appeal to this interest is made by Annie Fields, in her "Authors and Friends," just published.† The book is divided into eight parts of unequal length, and the headings of these parts are as follow: Longfellow; Glimpses of Emerson; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Personal Recollections and Unpublished Letters; Days with Mrs. Stowe; Celia Thaxter; Whittier: Notes of his Life and his Friendships; Tennyson; Lady Tennyson. The author has had special opportunities of knowing how these persons lived and worked, and has

the faculty of giving this acquired knowledge in charming form and sequence. There is no attempt at giving a chronological or detailed biography of each of these great authors, but a simple endeavour to present a brief view of the inner life of each, as illustrated by episodes, letters and private doings. The volume is an exceedingly important addition to the literary history of the century.

**

A collection of short stories by such well known writers as S. R. Crockett, Harold Frederick, Gilbert Parker, "Q," and W. Clark Russell, comes to us under the title of "Tales of our Coast."* They are all tales of the sea and full of adventure, but varied in style, as might be expected from the names of the authors, each having succeeded in giving his own peculiar touch to the story bearing his name. It would be difficult to state which is the best story, as each author has, of course, his own admirers, but Mr. Crockett's "Smugglers of the Clone" a tale of the Galloway seaboard, and "Roll Call of the Reef," by "Q," will, perhaps, be most generally admired.

**

The United States Bureau of Education has just issued a valuable pamphlet entitled "Education and Patho-social Studies." The first chapter deals with the nature, means and progress of criminological studies, and the results of a special case. The second gives an account of some recent psychological, criminological and demographical congresses in Europe. The third is entitled "Social Pathology and Education." Doctors, economists, lawyers, and those interested in the study of civilized man and his present social conditions, will find much in this work to interest and instruct. The information is told in a clear, lucid manner, and all the facts are carefully arranged.

**

The subject of man's origin, mission and destiny has occupied the attention of scholars in all ages, and in all countries, and among Christian nations. Especially during the last two centuries, great at-

*Marm Lisa, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Cloth, \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

†Authors and Friends, by Annie Fields. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 356 pp.

*Tales of Our Coast, by S. R. Crockett, Gilbert Parker, Harold Frederick, "Q," and W. Clark Russell. Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

tempts have been made either to justify, explain, or destroy the Mosaic account of creation. During the whole of the century, up to the present time, naturalistic, and materialistic, scientific scepticism has gained ground. In the eighteenth century its chief exponents were Hume, in England; Voltaire, in France; and Paine, in America; in the present century, Hæckel, Romanes, and Spencer have been working towards the same end. On the other hand, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, Sir William Dawson, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone, Professor Dana, and Brunetière have endeavoured to preserve the faith in the ancient doctrines. Prof. Luther Tracy Townsend has just published "*Evolution or Creation*,"* which the learned writer hopes will be found to be an "exposition and illustration of the sublime truths of the Christian religion." The book is a calm and masterly treatment of the whole subject, and is certainly a trenchant, if not successful, attack on rationalism. He believes implicitly in supernaturalism and in a literal explanation of the Mosaic teachings. Perhaps his most formidable chapter is that on "*The Ice Age and the Mosaic Week*," in which he shows that the pre-glacial species of animal life are extinct with a few exceptions, that vegetable life of that period has also mainly disappeared, and that during that age the world was a vast and silent burial-ground. He then proceeds to argue that the seven or ten thousand years that have elapsed since that period are not sufficient to have produced, by an evolutionary growth, our present flora and fauna. Hence, these must have been created; and, if so, then it is just as possible that they were created in one day as in a thousand years, and the Mosaic account may be taken in its literal significance.

The book is logical and the whole argument well-arranged. Whatever one's opinions may be, it must be conceded that the author has founded his own beliefs in good reasoning.

"*A Garrison Tangle*," by Captain Charles King, author of "*Fort Frayne*," "*An Army Wife*," "*Trumpeter Fred*," etc., is the "one book too many," which

this author has given us.* He has exhausted his theme of western military life, and has not the brilliancy either of description or plot to make up for this sameness of character and incident in his books. The chief characteristics of this volume would seem to be its bright cloth cover and its wonderful list of errata.

One of the most readable novels of the year is "*A Puritan's Wife*," by Max Pemberton,† author of "*The Little Hugenot*." It is a love-story of a man who was one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and for this was a fugitive during nearly the whole of the reign of Charles II. Hugh Peters and the beautiful Marjory are two characters whom one may take to one's heart and love. Their constancy and self-sacrificing affection in the face of much that would blanch the bravest are impressive and touching. The author writes simply and gracefully in an old-fashioned style. He never strains after effect, and the easy progress of the story is delightful. It must add much to his reputation.

Autobiographies, as a rule, are tame and wearisome, but Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "*Chapters from a Life*"‡ are bright and entertaining. The chaste binding and the beautiful illustrations make the book such as the friends of this widely-read author will appreciate. And she is widely-read, "*The Gates Ajar*" being now in its seventy-eighth thousand, and "*Beyond the Gates*" in its thirtieth thousand; and she has published twenty-three books besides. She opens her book with a description of her Andover home and something about her scholarly ancestors, goes on to describe the environment of people and things in which she has lived, her early successes, and the origin of her best ideas. Then she tells of some of the great persons who have made little Andover famous, and of the famous men of letters with whom she has been personally acquainted—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Stowe, etc. It is somewhat noteworthy that this book should appear about the same time as

* *A Garrison Tangle*, by Charles King. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

† New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

‡ Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth; illustrated; 275 pp., \$1.50.

* *Evolution or Creation*, by Prof. Townsend. New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, 318 pp., \$1.25.

Annie Field's book, "Authors and Friends," noticed elsewhere, and both from the same publishers.

**

"Master Ardick, Buckaneer" is the title of a novel of adventure by F. H. Costello.* "A Boyar of The Terrible" is a romance of the Court of Ivan the Cruel, First Tsar of Russia, by Fred Whishaw.†

CALENDARS.

The most artistically illustrated books published in Canada during the past few years are the annual calendars of the Toronto Art Students' League. The "Ninety Seven" is the best of the series, and is a whole art education in itself. The subjects of the various sketches are the "Canadian Water-ways," and the book is thus a Canadian souvenir, as well as a good example of an artistic taste amongst our people. C. W. Jeffrey's pen-and-ink sketch of Wolfe's Cove is a fine piece of work, and so is F. H. Bridgen's type of a Canadian river valley. Several of the artists who contribute are now resident in New York.

The Brundage Calendar ‡ for 1897 is a series of twelve water-colour sketches by the well known American artist, Francis Brundage. Each sketch has for its subject a child's face, and each study is thoughtfully and carefully worked out.

NOTES.

Mr. James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," which has proved such a success, will be published this month in England by the Messrs. Dent.

* Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.; paper 50 cents.

† Longman's Colonial Library.

‡ New York: Frederick A. Stokes; Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co.

"Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," by Frank R. Stockton, which has been running serially in the *Cosmopolitan*, has now appeared in book form. Mr. Stockton's reputation was made with "Rudder Grange," and no doubt his new book will be well received.

**

A short sketch, entitled "Christmas at Drumtochty," by Ian Maclaren, will appear in the Christmas number of "The Woman at Home." Dr. Watson is also preparing a volume entitled "The Theology of Race," which is intended as a complement to his "The Mind of the Master," and, like it, these sketches will first appear in the *Expositor*.

**

Three more volumes of the works of Eugene Field have been issued by the Scribners. They are "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," "The Second Book of Tales," and "Songs and Other Verse." As these volumes contain many poems and stories hitherto unpublished, they will be very welcome indeed to the admirers of this gifted writer.

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Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Rose of Yesterday," has begun in the November number of the *Century Magazine*, and will run for six months.

**

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is again at her home in Randolph, after a summer in the White Mountains, where she has been at work upon her new novel, "Jerome, a poor man."

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Rudyard Kipling was recently offered a handsome price for his Vermont residence, but refused to sell, intimating that he might occupy it permanently after next year.





FROM A PAINTING.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.